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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY BRYAN WALLER, A.M.

Forſan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Virgil.

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1796.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDMUND BURKE

THIS VOLUME IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,

AS A POOR TESTIMONY

OF THE AUTHOR'S HIGH RESPECT AND ESTEEM

FOR THE TALENTS AND THE VIRTUES

OF A MAN

WHOSE NAME [EVEN IN FLAGITIOUS DAYS]

IS FAST IMMORTALIZING.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
EDWARD B. U. R. A.
THIS VOLUME IS HEREBY DEDICATED



OF THE
FOR THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE

OF A PLAN
WHOSE NAME (EVEN IN FANCY) MAY
BE THE MOST IMPORTANT

P R E F A C E.

IN thus submitting to the candid Reader a Volume of ORIGINAL POETRY (or more correctly speaking, collecting and recognizing a Fugitive Offspring) the AUTHOR, was he disposed to swell out a Preface, would easily have many things to say. But as the READER'S indulgence may be sufficiently wanted in his further progress, *Policy* itself will now prevent him from trespassing into a long PROEM. That Architect surely would but little consult his own Credit who, conscious that he had many Blemishes and Defects to apologize for in the *Interior* of his work, should yet so contrive as to prejudice and disgust at the very Porch and Threshold of his Structure.

As to his POETICAL Creed, the AUTHOR professes himself to be a Disciple of the *Old* rather than the *Modern* Masters; as to his POLITICAL, it will best appear from those Pieces wherein he has ventured to intermeddle at all with that PROTEUS-Being, a STATE. But whatever may be his opinion of BRITISH LIBERTY, inoculated and engrafted on
FRENCH

FRENCH CITIZENSHIP, there is one kind of POPULAR DENIZATION he should be proud of, and that is into the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.—On all Occasions (serious or relaxed) he has prescribed to himself that HORATIAN Maxim

“ Quid Verum atque Decens curo, & rogo, et omnis in hoc sum; ”

and if he has hastened his Book to the Press without being equally observant of another salutary rule (now-a-days indeed but little regarded) viz.

“ Nonum prematur in Annum, ”

his Plea shall be this, that “ although Procrastination might have added as well to the size as polish of his Work, yet it is very possible it might have robbed him of the satisfaction of pleasing those, whom although he never flattered, yet of whose good Opinion he is most of all solicitous.”

JUNE, 1796.



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EPISTLES

WRITTEN BY EDMUND BURKE

EPISTLES,



EPISTLE
TO THE
RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE,
ON HIS
DECLARING HIS INTENTIONS
OF
QUITTING PUBLICK BUSINESS.

TO CATO, VIRGIL paid one honest Line,
Oh! let my Country's Friends illumine mine.

POPE.



P R E F A C E.

IT may be unnecessary in me to intimate to the Reader that the following *POEM* is addressed to Mr. *BURKE* at a Time when the Press has been, and still is, teeming with personal Illiberality to Himself, as well as with Doctrines subversive of our happy Constitution, in the Defence of which He has stood forth an illustrious Advocate. Of Men conspicuous in public Life, various and varying will be the public Opinion, as Education, Interest, or Caprice may dictate; but, in the Language of the Roman Orator, "The polite and
" fine Arts are connected by one common Bond of
" Union:" there is the same ruling Principle, the same presiding Genius over each; and they differ only in the mode of operation. Like good Allies, therefore, in the emergency of an Attack, they are bound to assist each other against the Common Enemy, and to unite in mutual Defence against the Goths and Vandals of the Age.—
Of *POETRY*, indeed, it may be said to be one of its distinguished provinces to record the Merits of such as have in any wise deserved well of their Country; a most delightful Task when *ELOQUENCE* and *PUBLICK VIRTUE* are the Theme!—It will be thought too much

Honour done to my humble Efforts on this Occasion to add that Mr. BURKE himself (with his usual Humanity and Propensity to elicit the faintest sparks of Merit) has been pleased to testify his Approbation of them in every respect, *THE SUBJECT* alone excepted—the latter, however, is a piece of Justice which I look for, with unusual Confidence, from the candid and enlightened Reader, lamenting only (and sincerely lamenting) that my Verse should be so inadequate to my Theme.—Yet poor as my Homage of Applause may be, one Species of Merit I will lay Claim to, which is this, that as my Verse is a free and spontaneous tribute, so it is an honest and disinterested effusion. *TRUE PANEGYRICK* differs as widely from *ADULATION*, as *GENUINE PATRIOTISM* from a *SPIRIT of DISOBEDIENCE*—nor will the Judicious be apt to confound them.—But lest I should slide into the Fault of Mr. DRYDEN, without being able to imitate his Excellencies, and, before I am aware of it, my *PREFACE* should grow too long for my *POEM*, I shall only farther add, that *ONE* who was well read in the Science of Human Nature, and thoroughly versed in the Springs of Human Actions, has long ago declared “that good Morals are essential to good Oratory;” and, throughout the whole Scope of this little *POEM*, I have attempted to convey this Sentiment, “That the “*FIRST ORATOR in ENGLAND* is the Man the “most exalted in his *VIRTUES*.”

SEPTEMBER, 1791.

EPISTLE

TO

MR. BURKE.

A Life long spent amidst the cares of State,
And greatly burthen'd with an Empire's weight,
May gloriously, when honour'd Age comes on,
Repose upon the laurels she has won.

Fir'd with your name each Muse her tribute brings, 5
And grows immortal with the theme she sings;
More pleas'd to consecrate a PATRIOT's toils,
Than feats of Tyrants and BELLONA's spoils.

When ELOQUENCE enlists in Mercy's cause,
We yield to Conscience when we yield applause; 10
Pure in her aims, and brilliant in her course,
Her shafts she deals with a resistless force.

Friend

Friend to the poor, and ready to redress,
 Sure advocate of impotent distress,
 YOU, AFRICK'S Sons, through all their swarthy hosts, 15
 From Æthiopia to Caffreria's coasts,
 With grateful hearts, elate in Freedom's cause,
 Shall learn to hail with triumph and applause.
 What though awhile our feelings we suppress
 (Foes to our own and others' happiness) 20
 Yet shall our piety remove the stain,
 Nor shall a prostrate million plead in vain!

INDIA too well can tell how many a year,
 Condemn'd the yoke of servitude to bear,
 In vain big sorrows trickled from her eyes, 25
 In vain were breath'd her unavailing sighs;
 Her struggles serv'd but to secure her chains,
 And add more writhing torture to her pains.
 Fell PECULATION spread her harpy wings
 O'er humbled Nabobs and dejected Kings, 30
 OPPRESSION mock'd the simple native's toil,
 And to a waste transform'd the happy soil;
 When YOU stood forth, the champion of the East,
 Aveng'd its sufferings and its wrongs redrest.

When, cross th' ATLANTIC, civil feuds arose, 35
 And woes domestic, worst of human woes!
 Brother with brother joining hostile blade,
 And reverend sires by their own sons betray'd,
 (Oh! would to Heaven the Muse could blot the tale,
 Or shroud it in Oblivion's thickest veil) 40
 We saw YOU strive with kind, tho' fruitless skill
 To stop the rage, and mitigate the ill,
 To close the bleeding wounds, and the fell chasm fill. }

Like

Like some humane Physician that has try'd
 Each spell which nature or which art supply'd; 45
 He feels for all the sufferer must endure,
 And weeps o'er anguish which he cannot cure.

Ev'n hostile GALLIA, when of late we saw
 A madding mob usurp the seat of law,
 And, frantic in their Liberty restor'd, 50
 Sully with cruelty fair Freedom's sword,
 (Her lillies stain'd with her own children's gore,
 Her bosom pierced, and her entrails tore)
 In YOU beheld the common Patriot's fears,
 And had her sufferings wept with generous tears. 55

Nor yet with fears alone her wounds YOU view'd,
 Or with warm tears her dying Frame bedew'd,
 But ELOQUENCE, such as might well become
 The golden days of ATHENS or of ROME,
 The flaming bands of anarchy repress, 60
 And stern conviction sway'd each honest breast:
 With manly sense YOU curb'd the rabble's rage,
 Confest at once the Orator and Sage.

'Tis thus full oft our Nature will subside
 As passions stimulate, or arts misguide, 65
 'Till, rous'd at length by some superior aid,
 Ev'n vulgar souls will scorn to be betray'd;
 Humanity asserts her Rule agen,
 And mortals act, because they feel as men:
 Needs must that Eloquence resistless flow 70
 Which pleads for Reason, Loyalty, and Law!

Calm and content at length **YOU** steal to rest,
 To **Virtue's** solace, and to **Reason's** feast ;
 Nor heed the tongue of **Calumny**, nor fear
 The shaft of **Malice** in a tranquil sphere. 75
 Fair **TRUTH** more brilliant from her ordeal grows,
 And half her splendour to **DETRACTION** owes.
 She, self-ennobled, seeks no vulgar praise,
 Content to shine in her own native rays ;
 In charms unrival'd, as in honour pure, 80
 She reigns of homage and our hearts secure.
 Invulnerable, and freest of the free,
 She bears, tho' nak'd, an unpierc'd panoply :
 The snakes of **ENVY** counteract their aim,
 And what was meant for venom turns to fame. 85

Thus to his **TUSCULUM**, in days of yore,
PHILOSOPHY her favour'd Consul bore,
 To **HER** resigning all his better days,
 Sate alike of envy and of praise :
 More pleas'd to mark the golden moments glide 90
 With **HER** and soft **COMPLACENCE** by his side,
 Than with the flow of a resistless tongue
 To soothe contentious Chiefs, and lead along
 The wond'ring Senate or applauding Throng :
 Whilst musing o'er a virtuous, well-spent life, 95
 Remote from faction, undisturb'd by strife,
 An inward sun-shine oft would intervene
 To lend a softer beauty to each scene.

His was the cruel doom, alas ! to feel
 The curst resentment of a tyrant's steel ;

Deserted

Deserted meanly in the hour of death,
 Yet blessing Freedom with his latest breath:
 Round YOU shall BRITAIN's guardian Genius move,
 And Zephyrs whisper peace in every grove;
 With YOU shall PATRIOTISM fix her seat, 105
 And public REVERENCE shield YOUR last retreat.

Yet, if the Muse that in no venal lays
 Thus pays her homage of ingenuous praise,
 With honest zeal her wishes might express,
 Still should a letter'd EASE your country bless; 110
 Still should your PAGE a rising age adorn,
 And pour a light on Statesmen yet unborn.

Oh! safe at rest, in life's unruffled bay,
 The troubled ocean of a State survey;
 And whilst YOUR BRITAIN in full pride appears 115
 The finish'd Fabrick of improving years,
 Wide o'er the main her thund'ring arms extends,
 And finds, or makes remotest climes her friends;
 Subdues the proud, defends the injur'd cause,
 And balances the globe with equal laws; 120
 Oh! be the wise Ulysses of the State,
 Direct our Guardians to suspect their fate,
 Conjure them from each Syren's feints to fly,
 And shew where treacherous perils ambush'd lie:
 With philosophic eyes th' abyss explore, 125
 And be what HYDE and TEMPLE were before.

Let State-Empiricks try each wily snare
 To catch the mob's applause and vacant stare,
 (Fond of the many-headed monster grown
 That ne'er had will or senses of its own) 130

Be this YOUR praise (if Mortals aught may boast):
“ Statesman, yet never quitting Virtue’s post ;
“ For Freedom valiant, yet a Friend to Laws ;
“ A heart self-poiz’d, yet won by just applause ;
“ A mind where learning and where nature blend 135
“ To form, at once, the Muse’s judge and friend ;
“ Within whose polish’d breast concenter’d shines
“ Whate’er exalts, illuminates, refines,
“ Whate’er of wit beams in the classic page,
“ Whate’er of wisdom calms the musing sage ; 140
“ In genius happy, as in honour clear,
“ YOU liv’d to JOHNSON and to REYNOLDS dear.”

Yet, as Fate rules each sublunary thing,
Too soon, alas! must Time that period bring,
When Envy’s self shall learn the Loss to mourn, 145
And Virtue rise triumphant from its urn ;
Nor shall a grateful Country then refuse
Your panegyrick from some better Muse.

JUNE, 1791.



EPISTLE

TO

MR. MASON,

ON THE

DECAY OF TASTE IN POESY, &c.

TO Life's calm scenes and solitudes retir'd,
 Tho' silent long by ev'ry Muse requir'd,
 Whilst far remote from ev'ry vulgar care
 Contented with the Laurels which You wear,
 With SOPHOCLES or MARO You repose 5
 And taste the bliss which from complacence flows,
 (Bliss, which the virtuous Man alone attends,
 And which the Muse best gives, and best defends!)
 Or, musing o'er the philosophic page
 Of some time-hallow'd and immortal Sage, 10
 You balance all that god-like PLATO wrote,
 And think as ANTONINE or TULLY thought,
 (Sweet transports which from mutual spirits flow,
 And joys that apotheosize below!)
 Say, Venerable Master of the Lyre! 15
 If aught of humbler strain may yet aspire
 With unassuming verse awhile to claim
 Your ear, and not incur officious blame;

And from the bosom of the good and sage
 Once more recall YOU to a venal Age? 20
 You, for whose brows the Nine a Crown compose
 Wove of the fairest flow'rs that Fancy blows,
 Admir'd by HURD, belov'd by pensive GRAY,
 So happily YOU tun'd the skilful lay
 Whilst willowy CAMUS listen'd to the song, 25
 And bade his Swans the dying notes prolong;
 Oh! deign to be propitious as YOU use,
 Sooth'd with the plaint of no vain-glorious Muse!

That POETS ever were a chosen few
 In every age, I hold a maxim true. 30
 That active Pow'r transmitted from above,
 Fram'd by the plastic hand of mighty JOVE,
 Which men below POETIC GENIUS call,
 Which acts unseen, yet operates on all,
 Whether of igneous or ethereal make, 35
 Or what more subtle essences partake,
 Or yet Prometheus gave the spark to Man,
 Ere thro' his veins the crimson current ran;
 Like Vesta's fire, confided to a band,
 Was never lavished with promiscuous hand. 40

Yet gifted thus with every potent charm
 To win new vot'ries and each foe disarm,
 Form'd to subdue, to soothe, to meliorate,
 Dear to the Gods and useful to the State,
 Whence comes it, Sir, that still in ev'ry age 45
 The Muse has been expos'd to barbarous rage,
 And ever whilst she's militant below,
 Has found the Living her malignant foe?

And

And if it prove that Justice smile at last
 'Tis when the day of retribution's past ; 50
 When Death has snatch'd the Poet from our sight,
 And veil'd his eyes in everlasting Night ;
 So long with-held the tribute of her praise
 That on the Cypress she engrafts the Bays!

Alas ! tho' paradoxic this appear, 55
 Yet sad example makes the moral clear.
 Whoe'er essays our vices to engage
 Will still excite a vitious Critic's rage:
 For Truth must wound where Folly looks for praise,
 And Virtue shine with unpropitious rays. 60

Ev'n such the Muse's lot in better times,
 With fates more equal and in warmer climes,
 Whilst Wit and Genius in their infant bloom
 Disclos'd their op'ning charms in GREECE and ROME, 65
 Where self-corroding and malignant Spite
 The Muse still follow'd as her Satellite ;
 Yet vainly follow'd where a virtuous State,
 Or prudent Monarch shelter'd her from hate :
 Doom'd, at the last, to grace her honest pride, 70
 As Gothic foes a CÆSAR's trophied side.
 Still some MÆCENAS of some POLLIO rose
 To fire her hopes and dissipate her foes ;
 Of worth ingenuous to extend the ray,
 And pour abroad the Muse's chearful day ; 75
 Whilst Wit, protected by the good and brave,
 Return'd the Immortality they gave,
 Wafted on Eagle-wings each deathless name,
 And with loud thunder fill'd the Trump of Fame. Yet

Yet whence the common cry which most allow,
 " That Genius finds *no* sanctuary now, 80
 " And Wit, of all her better lustre shorn,
 " Seems desolate, unheeded, and forlorn?
 " That BRITAIN'S Isle, so polish'd and refin'd,
 " Queen of the Arts and Mistress of Mankind,
 " Where chearful Plenty spreads her charms around, 85
 " And Joys in rich variety abound;
 " Where ev'ry other branch its leaf expands
 " In sweet luxuriance thro' her happy lands,
 " So partial, or so sterile now-a-days,
 " Should scarce afford a blooming wreath of Bays!" 90

Alas! the Muse, Sir, must with shame confess
 If such her lot, she scarcely merits less;
 Sunk in barbaric or in venal aims,
 No Glory crowns her, for no Wit inflames!
 Alas! how fall'n from her high pride of place, 95
 Scarce known that she was sprung of heav'nly race!
 Scarce known that erst, high-favour'd from above,
 The living Organ of Imperial JOVE,
 To her from Altars or from Groves was given
 To bear on Earth the dread decrees of Heaven! 100

Time was she knew the pow'r of ev'ry strain,
 And fir'd with transport ev'ry beating vein,
 Knew how with thrilling extacy to sing,
 And touch'd each passion with accordant string:
 In unison congenial bosoms mov'd, 105
 And what entranc'd the Bard the People lov'd.

Time was when old TYRTÆUS smote the Shell,
 Each falchion leapt instinctive from its cell:

Bold

Bold was the flight, puissant was the lay,
When Freedom call'd and Glory led the way. 110

Time was young AMMON felt his blood mount high
When HOMER's Spirit pass'd o'ershadowing by;
His bosom beating thick with wild alarms,
By great PELIDES rous'd to deeds of Arms.

Time was when BRITAIN caught the glorious flame,
And parallel'd or Greek or Roman fame;
Diffusing public Virtue from her page,
And training for the State the rising age.
'Twas then the Muse in native charms array'd
With conscious dignity her pow'rs display'd; 120
Her object Truth, and Nature for her guide,
Her sway was mighty and her empire wide.
Alas! this fatal truth the Nine avow—
“ APOLLO's quiver seems exhausted now!”
Our Pegasuses wear no soaring wings, 125
Our Odes no fire, our Satires have no stings.
Our Poets dream not as in days of yore,
Nor see the Visions which they saw before!
Æotian darkness and Cimmerian gloom
Eclipse the schools of Athens and of Rome, 130
And brittle counterfeit, and worthless ore,
Now glare where living diamonds flam'd before!

How few, alas! in these fantastic times;
Know the true Poet from the Man of Rhymes!
All seems alike that steals upon the ear, 135
And Shame is fled, and salutary Fear.

Borne

Borne on the wings of Vanity and Song,
 Our Poets sweep their shadowy shapes along;
 Flutt'ring like insects thro' their little day,
 'Till eve-tide chase their sickly forms away. 140
 Spirits that aim great SHAKESPEAR's self to match,
 Turn to thin air in Sonnet or in Catch;
 By crucibles of sentiment refin'd,
 'Till a mere lifeless mass remains behind.

The Pulpit's supplement, the State's defence, 145
 Best guide and safe-guard of the Moral Sense;
 Philosophy that speaks from Nature's School,
 And gives at once th' Example and the Rule;
 Where a bright Picture beams in ev'ry line,
 And Images as from the Mirror shine; 150
 Whom all the Nine as their High-priest employ
 To ope the springs of Sorrow and of Joy;
 Such was the THEATRE, but such no more!
 Her spirit vanish'd and her influence o'er!

The TRAGIC MUSE, to whom the noble part 155
 To chasten and to purify each heart,
 That erst with dulcet madness fir'd the Soul,
 Bar'd the sad Sword and mix'd the poison'd Bowl;
 That erst her light'nings fork'd, unchain'd her storms,
 And with sweet sorc'ry rais'd her spectred forms; 160
 With regal pomp devolv'd her purple pall,
 And drew in willing chains the minds of all;
 Retires disgusted from a venal Age,
 And SIDDONS scarce can keep her on the Stage.

Her Sister, brightest of the Virgin Train, 165
 Of ready humour and prolific brain,

That

That knew to satyryze yet not offend,
 And by sheer pleasantry obtain her end,
 And with the sallies of her lively wit
 So happily each rising Folly hit; 170
 Discarded, exil'd, and an abject grown,
 Her locks dishevel'd, and dissolv'd her zone,
 Her mirth, her sprightliness, her beauty fled,
 In mournful guise *now* droops her cheerless head.

Some Novel, wire drawn through a Dialogue, 175
 Starts up the *genteel Comedy* in vogue,
 Where all our feeble sons of silk resort,
 Ador'd by Peers and patroniz'd at Court;
 Before whose shrine and sing-song deity
 Each charming Countess bends her pious knee! 180
 Where, if perchance a luckless thought should shine,
 It gleams through many a solitary line;
 Like brittle bodies that reflect a light
 So often over that it pains the sight.
 Each half-fledg'd Wit weaves laurels for his brow, 185
 And SHAKESPEAR scarce can get a hearing now:
 The Swan of Avon sails inglorious by,
 Supplanted by the chatt'ring of the Pye,
 That, drest in borrow'd plumes, displays her wiles,
 And whom she most has pilfer'd, most reviles! 190
 ROWE, CONGREVE, OTWAY, and full many a name
 Conspicuous on the muster-roll of Fame,
 In silence now must sleep upon the shelf,
 Sith every fopling is a Bard himself;
 And Courtezans, to mend a wicked Age, 195
 Present a Virgin-Muse upon the Stage!

Scenes that to meaning never had pretence,
 And sounds to fill a dreary void of sense ;
 Where Janus-fronted quibbles and grimace
 Atone for want of character and grace. 200
 At best a feeble echo of the past,
 And sentiment too fritter'd down to last ;
 That scarcely lives the Offspring of a Day,
 But in the womb conceits itself away !
 Delusive flashes that attract our eyes 205
 And vanish in the moment of surprize !

Nor marvel much, since BRITAIN's taste is o'er,
 Your own CARACTACUS should please no more ;
 Or fair ELFRIDA should behold her charms
 Neglected for a tawdry harlot's arms. 210

Sooner than that a *meretricious* grace
 Should thus each moral character efface,
 (Where the partition is so mighty nice
 That Virtue seems to plead the cause of Vice)
 Sooner I'd with the Wits of CHARLES dispense,— 215
 Old WYCHERLEY had Character and sense ;
 Loose ETHEREGE had still *some* end in view,
 Graceless he was, but yet from Nature drew ;
 And BEHN and SEDLEY, tho' obscene and gross,
 Had oft-times gold amid the veriest dross. 220

I grant, indeed; some Vet'rans still remain
 Whose works evince the true Theatric vein;
 That COLMAN art, and CUMBERLAND has wit,
 And Sense still fathers all that MURPHY writ.
 Whilst SHERIDAN (great CONGREVE's second part 225
 To paint each foible of the wav'ring heart)

For

For loftier themes and more ambitious views,
Each chaplet slighted of the Comic Muse.

And now and then a sprinkling of light wit
From other sources may relieve the PIR.

230

Yet grant it true ; from a few radiant spheres
Our Darkness but more visible appears.
A Star or two, resplendent tho' they move,
Could never yet a Constellation prove.
Or be it urg'd that numerous is the throng
Sworn foes to Sense and devotees to Song ;
So scatter'd are the glimm'rings they emit,
With twisted rays the blunted sense they hit,
And form, at best, a Galaxy of Wit.

235

In *ev'ry* Style We make a wretched shift ;
The flow of POPE, the easy wit of SWIFT,
Great MILTON's wing that soar'd above the spheres,
The gentle ROWE that ever shone in tears,
The loves of WALLER, DRYDEN's varied art,
And COWLEY's moral sentiment and heart,
The sweet simplicity of GOLDSMITH's lay,
The high-ton'd lyres of MASON and of GRAY,
With the deep chords of sober AKENSIDE,
Are losses that were never since supplied,
But perish'd in the same oblivious tide.

240

245

Vocal no more are heard CASTALIA's springs,
No more with harps of gold PARNASSUS rings ;
Nor yet through CAM's smooth, willow-fringed vale
Fraught with sweet music floats the quiv'ring gale ;

Nor yet in Isis' calm alcoves are seen 255
The Maidens bright of silv'ry HIPPOCRENE.

Our Wit grows dim, our Ethics are decay'd,
Unhallow'd rites the Muse's bower invade,
And COMUS and his Rout high Orgies keep
Where wont the Bard in extacy to sleep. 260
Where Virtue wont to gild the sober scene,
Diffusing lustre from her lamp serene,
And Truth and Wisdom like twin-sisters shone,
And call'd each soft, persuasive art their own,
The guilty torch of Revelry and Noise 265
Now leads to false delights and impious joys.

Ah! say, alas! if e'er shall re-commence
The social reign of POESY and SENSE?
If e'er again shall *Fancy* lend her wings,
And waft to Virgin-founts and silver-springs, 270
Where sweet *Simplicity* and *Nature* dwell,
And *Meditation* has her sacred cell!
Where *Innocence* with *Pastime* spends the day,
And gives to *Extacy* the choral lay!
Where *Wisdom* muses with the Cherub *Love*, 275
And *Inspiration* pores on things above?

Thrice happy days of pure ARCADIAN joy,
Where pleasures copious flow, yet never cloy;
When *Truth* once more shall be allied to *Wit*,
And *Grace* and *Genius* be in Union knit!

A
PANEGYRICK
ON THE
BRITISH CONSTITUTION,
ADDRESSED TO
THE KING.

Ponderibus librata suis.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN EARL OF MEXBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

THE following Poem, inscribed to the KING, I have ventured to put into your Lordship's hands as a sort of subsidiary protection to it. However inadequate, both in style and in sentiment, it may be to what I could wish, I cannot be ashamed of the motives which gave Origin to it.

I well know your Lordship's disinclination to an interference with Public Life, (courting a self-approbation more than the applauses of other men, and preferring the satisfaction of domestic peace and virtuous retirement to the more gaudy, but less substantial enjoyments attending on Popularity) and it is on that very account I beg leave thus publicly to address your Lordship, as a Nobleman
unsullied

unsullied in reputation, a Senator unbiassed by party, and a Subject zealously attached to the Prince on the Throne; whose Virtues you love, because you have leisure to contemplate. That you may long continue in health and in happiness to exercise those numerous personal good qualities which so much endear you to all within the circle of your acquaintance, and which I should only be liable to give offence to You by enumerating, is the sincere and honest Wish of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And obliged humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

LANCASTER,

January 30, 1793.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poem opens with a representation of the Dignity and Influence of Poetry in the Days of Antiquity, and the superior advantages attending her in Britain, ver. 1 - 38. A grateful acknowledgment to the Sovereign, next to the Supreme Being, for the blessings we enjoy, 38 - 48; and an enumeration of those blessings, 48 - 74. The ingratitude of some men lamented and reprehended, 74 - 88, and their ignorance of the true value of the blessings they enjoy, 88 - 94. A brief account of the Origin of Civil Society, and that absolute Power must vest in some determinate body, 94 - 175. The method of First Legislators, in modifying their regulations, and what is the Test of Excellence in Government, 175 - 209. The progress of the British Constitution since the days of Alfred, and an Apostrophe to the memory of that Monarch, 209 - 225. The labours of that Prince tended to improve rather than invent, 225 - 239. The various modifications the Country might experience in its constitutional form from Danish or Norman usurpations, and the different encroachments of Barons or of Church-men, all tended eventually to its perfection and stability, 239 - 267. The Crown giving Unity, and Popular Concurrence Strength, the Uses of Nobility are pointed out, and the necessity of an hereditary Order, 267 - 301. The British Constitution, composed of King, Lords, and Commons, finally restored and accomplished at the Glorious Revolution, 301 - 316. An Apostrophe to BRITAIN, and to Liberty, 316 - 333. The deplorable condition of France lamented, and a picture of its distresses attempted, 333 - 355. That even Liberty ought not to be purchased at the price of Virtue, 355 - 361; but that such are reprehensible as disgrace Liberty by attributing such crimes to her, 361 - 381. And the Poem then concludes with a brief recapitulation of the happiness We enjoy under his Majesty's auspicious Reign.

A POEM

TO

THE KING.

IN days of yore, and when Imperial Róme
 To vanquish'd Nations dealt resistless doom;
 When she beheld each prostrate Chief adore
 Where'er she bade her grasping Eagles soar;
 And, filling all the wond'ring world with awe, 5
 Seem'd the sole Arbitress of Fate and Law;
 Still did the Muse her wonted state maintain,
 The Fasces felt the Lyre's more potent Reign,
 And the proud Monarch oft would steal an hour
 From the gay tumult of Cæsarean pow'r,
 To court the Poet in his humble bow'r. }

If such the sentiment the Muse inspires,
 And such the magic influence of her fires,
 Whilst fetter'd down in arbitrary chains,
 She sang, alas! involuntary strains: 15
 What might she not in blissful BRITAIN hope,
 Where Liberty gives Pegasus his scope,
 And Peace and Plenty bid the slumb'ring Lyre
 Awake its song, and re-illumine its fire!

Ev'n here at ease, amidst my *native* Groves, 20
 Where silver-winding LUNE meand'ring roves,
 And, gently urging on with placid mien,
 Shines a broad mirror to the Sylvan scene,
 (My kinsman, LUNE ! more dear to me than all
 The fabled streams that Poets sacred call, 25
 Or the proud boasts of many an epic line,
 The giant Danube, or the thund'ring Rhine ;
 A witness, HE, of many a gallant show,
 When * Rome's bright Eagles mock'd the vanquish'd Foe,
 And the loud Cohort's animating roar, 30
 Responsive, echoed from his sounding shore ;
 Or † GAUNT's plum'd Duke, upon a solemn day,
 Wound up the neighb'ring Steep his proud array,
 To feast the eyes of many a lady bright,
 With feats of chivalry and gorgeous fight), 35
 Ev'n here, at ease, I try ambitious strains,
 Blest and contented with my natal plains.

Thanks to the mercies of indulgent Heaven,
 By whom such halcyon days of bliss are given !
 And sure, O SIRE AUGUST ! it is to YOU, 40
 In the next place, your Subjects' praise is due ;

* AGRICOLA stationed a Roman Garrison here, to check the inroads of the PICTS, and other Northern Marauders.

† JOHN of GAUNT, Son of EDW. III. and Father of HENRY IV. had occasionally his residence here as Duke of LANCASTER ; to which title he was advanced by King EDWARD, upon the death of HENRY PLANTAGENET first Earl, and then Duke, thereof, his Father-in-law, with a franchise enlarged and confirmed by PARLIAMENT.

* A praise

A praise * not such as from dependence springs,
 A praise not such as Vassals pay to Kings,
 A praise not such as Conquest will impose,
 Or which from servile Adulation flows; 45
 But honest Zeal with Principle combin'd,
 The full effusion of a grateful mind.

For who, that knows the blessings we possess,
 Admires, and envies not our happiness?

The fount of Justice uncorrupt and pure, 50
 Rights well-defin'd, and Property secure;
 An equal System, an enlighten'd Age,
 Averse to Civil and Religious Rage;
 YOUR People courted, reverenc'd, and lov'd,
 Their morals chaste, and by *Your own* improv'd; 55
 Not more a Race by Ocean set apart,
 Than singular for rectitude of heart;
 YOUR State at home, with polish'd arts refin'd,
 Abroad, the Patroness of human-kind;
 The pride of either Bourbon's house controll'd, 60
 And Holland humbled (prey to Gallic gold);
 YOUR Britain's cross puissant in her pow'r,
 From Calpe's cliffs to either India's shore,
 And through the East, where'er her conquests spread,
 Prevailing more by courtesy than dread; 65
 Whilst such the blessings which YOUR Reign bestows,
 Whilst such the fruit that from obedience grows,

* ——— omnibus quæ dicentur a me, libertas, fides, veritas constet, tantumque a specie adulationis absit gratiarum actio mea, quantum abest a necessitate!

PLIN. PANEGYR. TRAJAN.

Whilst thus with equal Majesty You move,
 And blend the prudent Serpent with the Dove,
 How shall the Muse attempt a just applause 78
 And injure not her patriotic cause?
 Praise bursts spontaneous from the grateful heart,
 And Nature works without the aid of Art.

Yet such (whate'er the secret cause may be
 That Fate should act with such perverse decree, 79
 Whether extremes in one effect unite,
 As * Darkness issues from the blaze of Light,
 And the same wants and thankless murmurs flow,
 From bliss excessive as excessive woe;
 Or some delusive Demon does preside 80
 O'er human things to mortify our pride)
 Such is th' effect that from our weakness springs,
 Or such the strange vicissitude of things,
 In spite of all Your Clemency and Love,
 Some will rebellious and ungrateful prove; 81
 Who best the ends of Providence shall scan,
 Will best explain th' anomalies of Man.

Yet few there be of this degenerate race,
 (Out-casts of Britain, Liberty's disgrace)
 Who know th' inestimable prize they share, 90
 Tutor'd to think, to reason, to compare,
 On the broad base of Policy to act,
 And from the Specious separate the Fact.

* Dark, with excessive bright, thy skirts appears

MILTON'S PARAD. LOST.

To all our frailties provident and kind,
 For Social Love Heav'n fram'd the human mind; 95
 That each within his proper sphere might move,
 And shed his Influence like the Orbs above.

Yet ask " why Heav'n should thus deal out the ray,
 " Distinguishing the equal sons of clay?
 " Why *this*, a NEWTON, should mankind illumine, 100
 " That darkle on in intellectual gloom?
 " To equal Man unequal blessings giv'n?"
 Seek not to cavil at the will of Heav'n.
 All cannot hope to reason or refine,
 Or with a MURRAY, BURKE, or TULLY shine. 105

See through all Nature's works gradations rise
 In wisdom, splendour, beauty, strength, and size.
 Ask of the *Finny Tribe* that skim the deep
 Who bade them laws and ordinances keep?
 Who bade *Leviathan* distend with pride, 110
 And through his tributary ocean ride?
 Who taught the *Ant* by Providence to thrive,
 Or form'd a *Monarchy* within a Hive?
 Why treads the *Lion* with majestic stalk?
 Why tow'rs the *Cedar*, and why spreads the *Oak*? 115
 Or ask each *Star* that paves the milky way
 Why burns *Orion* with more glorious ray?
 Nay, ask of *Man* (least grateful for the boon,
 To Sense a slave, to Reason a Poktron)
 Why thus to Him th' angelic power is giv'n 120
 To scan, and to adore the works of Heav'n?
 Resolve these problems with a judgment true,
 What God and Nature dictate *then* pursue.

The Pow'r that fram'd the Universe around,
 Whom force controuls not, and no limits bound, 123
 From whom th' eternal Law of ORDER springs,
 And all the fair variety of things;
 Who marshal'd first the bright celestial host,
 And to each glitt'ring Wanderer gave his post;
 Who fill'd the Solar Globe with quenchless fire, 150
 And made him Ruler o'er the heav'nly choir;
 Bade each revolving Planet on him wait,
 And drink their beams from his *Imperial State*,
 Yet bade again inferior Orbs depend,
 And Satellites their Primaries attend; 155
That Pow'r who sees through the stupendous Whole,
 Glan'ing intuitive from Pole to Pole,
 Who hurls the Thunder, or its rage restrains,
 And Nature binds in adamant'ine chains,
 At whose behest the rolling Seasons move, 160
 And all is Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
 Wills that Mankind should be *subordinate*,
 And what he wills must be reverseless Fate.

Hence, various Man holds various degree,
 Link'd and connected with Society. 165

Hence States were form'd, Laws soon were understood,
 And Men submitted for their common Good.
Hence Patriarchs, Dictators, Archons, Kings,
 And whate'er Pow'r from social Union springs. 170
 For Pow'r*, though modify'd, as each thought best,
 Still in some Body *absolute* must vest;

* Of the Organization and Operation of Political Power in general, and
 the Executive Branches in particular, see the admirable and elegant Treatise
 "Du Pouvoir Exécutif dans les Grand Etats, par M. Necker, 1792."

And whate'er modes of Government we name
Agree in measure, tho' unlike in frame.

Thus the first Legislators shap'd their codes, 175
And to the People's genius fram'd the modes;
Yet still kept former usages in sight,
And built on sacred, or prescriptive right:
'Till, by degrees, the finish'd Fabric grew,
And what had specious seem'd, prov'd solid too. 180

For human Wit, in whate'er vein it acts,
If salutary, must be rul'd by *facts*.
Advent'rous Genius may new lights produce,
But, too eccentric, is of little use;
Like Comets, glorious in a *certain* sphere, 185
But, when too devious, gaz'd upon with fear.
They safest, therefore, will pursue their course,
Who with *experience* regulate their force.
True excellence in Government is *this*:
Whate'er contributes most to public Bliss; 190
Whate'er from Conscience only seeks applause,
Faith, Equity, and salutary Laws,
Where Punishment* corrects not, but to mend,
And Justice proves the universal friend;
An Arm to execute, a Head to will, 195
And Virtue call'd her proper post to fill;
Where each free Subject feels himself a Man,
And fills his province in the general plan.

* Statuo esse optimè constitutam rempublicam quæ ex tribus generibus illis, Regali, Optimo, et Populâri confusa modicè, nec puniendo irritet animum immanem ac ferum, nec omnia prætermittendo licentiâ cives deteriores reddat.

CIC. DE REP. FRAG.

The rest is all but empty sound and show,
 To lull, but not remove, a People's Woe. 200
 And they true Patriots, whosoe'er they be,
 Of whate'er country, kindred, or degree,
 Who, laying all mean jealousies apart,
 Shew that they have the public weal at heart.
 Fresh be their honours! ever-green their bays! 205
 Nor shall the equal Muse with-hold her praise;
 Alike to her applauded or oppress,
 A NECKER exil'd, or a PITT caress'd.

Now had the lustre of Imperial Rome
 Sunk down in Papal Pomp and Gothic Gloom, 210
 Old Chaos seem'd to re-assume his right,
 Triumphant in the sullen shades of Night,
 And BRITAIN long had groan'd beneath her woes,
 When, Heav'n-directed, royal ALFRED rose
 To free his Country, and adorn his Age, 215
 And prove at once the Warrior and the Sage.
 Immortal Monarch! BRITAIN owes to Thee
 Her fairest rudiments of Liberty;
 As Solon wise, and as Lycurgus just,
 Rome never honour'd more her Numa's dust. 220
 In trouble patient, prudent in success,
 And crown'd, at length, with peace and happiness,
 Thou wast the Father of our Infant State,
 Which still reveres thy Name as Good and Great!

Yet such the labours of the royal love 225
 As went not to *invent*, but to *improve*,
 And the full object of his anxious lore,
 To fill the model shadow'd out before:

For BRITONS ever had *this* end in view,
To be a Nation *free* and *loyal* too. 230

Arm'd with a native hardiness of soul,
Brave, lion-hearted, fashion'd for controul,
Rough in exterior, yet of noble mind,
A People moral, dutiful, and kind,
Of Danger fearless, tho' averse to Strife, 235
And for true Glory prodigal of life,
Sure Heav'n has cast You of superior mould
That YE the Empire of the World should hold!

Nor did the tyranny of foreign Reign,
The haughty Norman, and insidious Dane; 240
The Feudal System's domineering sway,
And Tributes wrung from Men unus'd t' obey,
The Barons' stern, imperious controul,
Or the resistance of the sainted Cowl,
The vacant, or self-constituted Throne, 245
The Pow'r usurp'd of many, or of one;
Or Guilt, by chance alone, unequal made,
A rising *Cromwell*, or a falling *Cade*;
Reverse of Fate th' immutable Decree,
Or blast the infant shoots of Liberty: 250
All seem'd but instruments to one great end;
They safest rise who by due steps ascend.

'Tis hard to say, 'till Time supply the Test,
What rules of Faith, or Policy, are best,
Where that blest mean, remote from each excess, 255
Alike the seat of Truth and Happiness,

(Since what most perfect is, lies hid in Fate,
 Where Reason oft can but approximate,
 And Diffidence remains the only rule,
 To judge between a Wise Man and a Fool,) 260
 But this once settled, manifest, and clear,
 The brave contend for, and the just reverse.

Each varied System (rightly understood)
 Had still its real, though its latent good ;
 As Discords oft in Harmony unite, 265
 And well-mix'd colours mingle into white.

Hence, by experiment, 'twas found at length,
 The Crown gave Unity, the Commons Strength.
 But still, as jarring int'rests would prevail
 Alternate in the fluctuating scale, 270
 Hence the wise purpose of a mediate Pow'r
 With well-tim'd poise the balance to restore,
 Whose prudence should each lawless force assuage,
 And check the Tyrant's, or the Rabble's rage.

'Tis true that feats in arms, or private worth, 275
 At first might give Nobility its birth ;
 But Policy, with wisest ends in view,
 Soon made the Pow'r *hereditary* too.

* For, who so sure the Council-board to grace
 As they that sprang from an illustrious race ? 280
 Or who to ratify their Sires' Design,
 As they that follow'd in successive Line ?

* Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis. — H. R.

Let shallow Sceptics argue what they will,
 The tide of Nature is in motion still ;
 A mystic tie connects us with the Dead, 285
 As streams refer us to their fountain-head.
 The bright Idea of a Parent's fame,
 Or stimulates with glory, or with shame ;
 Ev'n from his Ashes will a Spell arise,
 To make us Heroes, and to make us Wise. 290

The Pow'r thus one, the System tripartite,
 In tri-une energy did soon unite ;
 Each did to each its proper functions lend,
 And in one perfect Whole together blend.

Thus Britain, like her native Oak, arose, 295
 And brav'd the efforts of her rudest foes ;
 The fierce convulsions of tempestuous Fate
 Confirm'd her strength, and swell'd her growing state :
 'Till, like the * Sign to the good Patriarch given,
 Earth held her foot, her head was lost in Heaven. 300

Thus, by degrees, through many a toilsome Stage,
 Time nurs'd the Offspring of the Saxon Sage :
 'Till, at the close, her better Genius saw
 The harmony of Liberty and Law
 United in the arm of great Nassau. }

Such, SIRE ! the Sceptre Britain's Sovereign wields,
 And such the Fealty YOUR Britain yields.
 Like her own Clime her Polity is blest,
 Mixes all modes and constitutes the best.

* GENESIS, xxviii, 18.

Thus whilst full many a Region cheerless lies 310
 Beneath th' eternal frost of Polar Skies ;
 Or yet beneath the fev'rish Line expands,
 A weary waste of Ethiopian Sands ;
 The temp'rate Zones unite the *two* extremes,
 Blest with cool Zephyrs, and with tepid Beams. 315

Dear, happy Land! still be thy Joys secure,
 Still may thy Peace and Happiness endure !
 May such as love Thee of thy Bliss partake,
 And such as love thee not thy Bliss forsake !
 Bold were the thought, and impious the design, 320
 Thy frame by GALLIC models to refine,
 Thy frame wherein such varied Graces meet,
 In vigour, as in symmetry, complete !
 * Like whose mild Laws benevolent and wise,
 None e'er have risen, and none e'er shall rise ; 325
 Of Ages rolling, and of Ages past,
 First Fruits of Liberty—if not the last.
 And thou, fair Liberty! thou source of joy,
 Whose waters fail not, nor whose pleasures cloy,
 Dear, spotless Name! to Englishmen most dear,
 Forgive, alas! the tribute of a Tear,
 That bursts unbidden o'er a neighb'ring Nation's bier! }

Ill-fated GALLIA! how shall I bemoan
 Thy slaughter'd Children, and thy prostrate Throne!
 Rehearse the sad vicissitudes of Fate, 335
 A ruin'd Kingdom, a chaotic State ;
 Each mode of civil and religious guilt,
 And royal blood by perjur'd Subjects spilt!

* Nil oriturum aliis, nil ortum tale fatentes.—HOR.

A horde of Kinglings, and a land of Slaves,
 Where the Assassin stabs whom Justice saves! 340
 Each Dome a Den for Madmen to carouse,
 Each Grove a Grave, each Church a Charnel-house!
 Where reign unbridled Rage, Satanic Pride,
 Lust, Sacrilege, Rebellion, Regicide,
 And Tyranny so many aspects wears, 345
 That polish'd Paris seems a new Algiers!

Tainted with Pride, and red'ning with Despair,
 Vaunting their blasphemies in open air,
 With Stygian jaws disgorging general dearth,
 See a new brood of Titans seize the Earth! 350
 Bloated with Blood, and with Distraction bold,
 They seem to emulate their Sires of old,
 That with gigantic frenzy wildly strove
 To wrest the Thunder from Imperial Jove!

If such the dire convulsions that await 355
 The birth of Freedom in a Frantic State,
 Where Brother marks out Brother for a pest,
 And half a Nation bleeds to serve the rest;
 Ev'n Liberty too dearly may be bought,
 When with the price of a good Conscience sought, 360

Yet is it Liberty that thus gives birth
 To whate'er Demons can afflict the Earth!
 That ev'n from eyes of stone bids sorrow start,
 And wrings with grief the most obdurate heart!
 That violates each human happiness, 365
 Exults in woe, and riots in excess!

Whose

Whose arm seems charg'd with fell Alecto's rod,
 And, Nero-like, defies both Man and God?
 And is this Liberty, first-born of Heav'n,
 To favour'd Man in hour propitious giv'n? 370
 Oh! profanation, impious and accurst,
 Of Falsehoods vilest, of Impostures worst!
 Then thus my Prayer: "O Pow'r, that reign'st above,
 " Ere 'tis too late thy fatal wrath remove.
 " Oh! let Religion's pure, ethereal fire, 375
 " Purge each gross thought, and each corrupt desire;
 " Pervade, exalt, illuminate each heart,
 " Revive lost fervours, and new flames impart;
 " Still let our appetites be rul'd by thee,
 " And warm each human breast with Charity!" 380

From such sad scenes, O Muse, avert thine eyes,
 And seek the shores where true fruition lies;
 Where heav'n-born Freedom fixes her retreat,
 Her last, her best, if not her *only* Seat;
 Where equal Law each equal Right defends, 385
 Truth has her *Vot'ries*, Virtue has her Friends;
 Where Faith, secure, her pious Vigils keeps,
 And Innocence in golden rapture sleeps,
 Where Peace and Plenty smile on Albion's plains,
 Where Britons flourish, and where BRUNSWICK reigns.

January, 1793.



EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM WINDHAM,

ON HIS APPOINTMENT OF

SECRETARY AT WAR,

AND THE

NEW ARRANGEMENTS IN THE CABINET, JULY, 1794.

BLEST is that Man, and near a-kin to Jove,
Whose bosom flaming with his Country's love,
With zeal still urges tow'rd the glorious goal,
And wins applause with dignity of soul.

He, when conflicting Factions rend the State,
And frightful scowl the gath'ring storms of Fate,
When half the globe with wild destruction teems
And Man himself th' avenging Spirit seems,
With eyes serene directs his steady course,
Nor stoops to artifice, nor yields to force.

5

10

Like

Like some proud Cliff that lifts its giant-head
 High-mantling o'er old Ocean's stormy bed ;
 What time the frantic Tempest frets its base,
 Waves ride on waves, and billows billows chase,
 Secure it tow'rs amid th' imbattled shock, 15
 Impregnable in adamant rock :
 Thus, WINDHAM, 'tis where with erected soul,
 Regardless of a head-strong Faction's scowl,
 Arm'd with more proof than Vulcan's skill can boast,
 His buckler Conscience, and himself a Host, 20
 The PATRIOT stands confest : him nought appalls,
 Right onward still he moves where Duty calls.
 In vain Self-love, or Friendship's gentler ties
 Resist his ardour when his COUNTRY cries ;
 No arts can warp, no prejudice can blind, 25
 Or from its basis push his steady mind.
 That Statesman best his Patriotism shews
 Whose worst aversion is his Country's Foes ;
 This Master-passion swallowing up the rest
 Enthron'd without a Rival in his breast ! 30
 Him shall propitious Heaven with safety shield,
 Gird on his sword and teach him how to wield ;
 Him shall bright Fame with Civic Crowns pursue,
 And sound her Trump to CHATHAM'S SON, or YOU !

Thus when of yore the base, perfidious GAUL 35
 Essay'd the World's great Mistress to enthrall,
 Forgot the petty bickerings of State,
 Forgot the rancour of a Land ingrate,
 Forth rush'd CAMILLUS to avenge her cause,
 And rescue Romans from inglorious laws ! 40
 His Country's Gods to him for succour come,
 And round him press the trembling Fates of Rome.

Pale and aghast the little Genii seem,
 And watch with anxious eyes the quiv'ring beam;
 'Till, flush'd with fury and resistless fire, 45
 Th' avenging Eagle satisfies its ire,
 And Glory *, perch'd upon his helm elate,
 Announc'd success and freedom to the state!

And YOU, ye Patriot BAND ! who thus have prov'd
 The heav'n-born zeal with which your deeds are mov'd,
 Go on and prosper ; may the publick voice
 Your counsels strengthen, and support their choice !
 May Wisdom in your Cabinet preside,
 And Heaven itself vouchsafe to be your guide !
 Call'd forth from private to a publick sphere 55
 Your worth with due refulgence shall appear.
 To get his part let each transcribe his breast,
 Be each himself and each enacts the best.
 Let each his own peculiar gift impart,
 SPENCER Urbanity, FITZWILLIAM Heart, 60
 WINDHAM the Flame that sparkles in his breast,
 PORTLAND a Mind with all the Graces blest ;
 Nor shall the COUNTRY'S Councils widely err,
 Impress them but with your own character.

Be prosperous still, and may the will of Fate 65
 To YOU consign the task to save the State !
 For YOU see Piety her altars rears,
 And Faith pours out her supplicating tears ;
 Nor are the Gods averse to him that draws
 His flaming falchion in his Country's cause. 70

* Vide Lee's Alexander.

For YOU see GALLIA wait with out-stretch'd hands
 To curb or to reclaim her mad'ning bands,
 And, bleeding as she is at every pore,
 You, for her kind Physicians does implore!
 Oh! haste, apply the sanatives of pain, 75
 Her impious and self-murd'ring hands restrain!
 With healing balm let *Mercy* spread its wings,
 The sweetest Page that ministers to Kings!
 Perch'd on the royal Sceptre be the Dove,
 Pacific emblem of returning Love! 80
 Bid Fame with all her mouths proclaim aloud
 To spare the suppliant, but resist the proud;
 Tell them in Freedom's cause your banners wave,
 Tell them that BRITAIN conquers but to save.

May mad Sedition hear the potent spell 85
 And with her snakes seek her own native Hell,
 Where the fiend, Anarchy, with Chaos reigns,
 And Treason clanks his adamant chains!

Be prosperous still, since in no dubious cause,
 The prize Security, Religion, Laws. 90
 Firm be your march since Conscience is your guide,
 Your banners proud since spread on Virtue's side!
 May Conquest wait where Truth leads on the van,
 And Justice crowns the military plan!
 Brave each alarm, each hostile menace prove, 95
 Resistless may your glorious Phalanx move;
 What stronger charge than this can spur to Fame,
 "Your Country's Fate and Your's must prove the same!"

July, 1794.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO

MR. HARRISON,

ARCHITECT,

ON THE

REPARATIONS AT LANCASTER-CASTLE.

THANKS to the Artist whose immortal toil
With grace and splendour decks my native soil!
Who on the spot where Nature's giant mien
With lordly features stamps the swelling scene,
With skill *Vitruvian* gives the bounding line,
And bids wild Fancy soften to Design !

5

Meet subjects these, my Friend, for splendid song ;
To Me, alas ! more humble strains belong.
Yet touch'd with gentler arts these lines I send,
I praise the Artist, but I love the Friend,
Whose modest worth (although in vain) recoils
And shuns the Laurel that awaits his toils.

10

Here as I gaze upon Thine Art sublime
That checks the rage of all devouring Time,
To flinty Nature gives expressive tone
And living features stamps on senseless Stone,

15

Bids

Bids sentiment the soft'ning rock invade,
 Bends the proud Arch, or points the Colonnade,
 On mould'ring roofs sees Gothic tow'rs arise,
 And calls ROME's faded glories to our eyes 20
 (Time-honour'd walls, within whose warlike belt
 Wise ADRIAN* and great CONSTANTINE have dwelt)
 Alas! say I, who shall through fate foresee,
 Or pierce the womb of dark Futurity!
 Ev'n here may some untaught and barbarous hand, 25
 Some flaming Zealot, or some Vandal-band,
 Some furious CROMWELL in a luckless hour
 These walls deface, this scenery deflow'r!
 These very Heights may feel Oppression's rod
 Where CÆSAR and PLANTAGENET have trod; 30
 And the proud boast of many a toilsome age
 Bow to a bigot's spleen, or tyrant's rage!

Oft too by yon pale Moon as here I stray
 And watch the ghosts that haunt departing day,
 With eyes deep fix'd upon my native shore 35
 Large draughts I drink of legendary lore,
 Whilst Fancy pictures to my ravish'd sight
 The crested Champion and the valorous Knight
 That erst beneath, all on yon velvet mead,
 Rode great in arms upon his barbed steed, 40
 What time the tilt and tournament ran high,
 And all was love, and feast, and jollity:
 Each beetling Tow'r with matchless beauties dight
 That as they gaz'd prolong'd the dubious fight;

* The Castle-moat is attributed to CÆSAR ADRIAN, and one of the
 Towers to CONSTANTIUS CHLORUS, father of CONSTANTINE the Great;
 which latter EMPEROR was himself a Native of BRITAIN.

A lovely, yet alas ! a guilty Choir, 45
 Whose sparkling eyes with fuel fed their fire !
 'Till high-born GAUNT (who on that solemn day
 Lord-Paramount presided o'er the fray)
 To quell their fury threw his warder down,
 And each fair Mistress dealt each envied crown. 50

What though no *Lady Blanch*, no *Emma* bright
 Now call her Champion to the pompous fight,
 No female fair ~~cap~~arison the steed,
 Or bid, to win her heart, her lover bleed, 55
 Yet are the Fair ones of the present day
 By other arts as tyrannous as they.
 For know that *Venus* on these gentle plains
 Pitches her tents, and opens her campaigns,
 From bleeding hearts bids melting murmurs flow,
 Nor yet does *Cupid* bend an idle bow. 60

Perhaps ev'n here, where now thy plastic hand
 Scoops out a Mall, may *CHLOE* take her stand,
 And cruel prove to many a dying spark
 As *Marg'ret of Anjou*, or *Joan of Arc*,
 May act the sad catastrophes of yore,
 And *Beaux* may bleed where *Knights* have bled before !

1795.



EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

TO

A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

WAND'RING in *Heysham's** Coasts marine,
 Or strolling down to *Conder-green**,
 Dear WIDDITT, have you never watch'd
 A *Goose* and *Gunner* fairly match'd?
 With trusty Fowling-piece in hand 5
 At ev'ry step he makes his stand,
 Will doff his hat, make his congee,
 Nay scruple not to bend the knee,
 In hopes to coax the thoughtless stranger,
 And blind her of her proper danger. 10
 But after all it ends in jeer,
 The devil a bit the *Goose* draws near;
 But flits, and darts, and tantalizes,
 And feeds your hopes with fond surmizes,
 Then flaps her wings and shrieks "Adieu!" 15
 To all such silly *Gulls* as You.

Just so knew I a PRIESTED SPARK
 That oft-times shot but miss'd his mark;
 Had frequent booty in his eye,
 And charg'd his expectations high; 20

* Villages on the Sea Coast near Lancaster.

Stoop'd to no artifices mean,
 But kept his word and surplice clean;
 Kept company with men of letters;
 No sycophant, yet knew his betters;
 Thought much of Rank, of Merit more, 29
 Nor doff'd his hat to ev'ry whore;
 Admir'd a Coronet or Mitre,
 Yet thought plain Virtue might shine brighter;
 Wish'd S****D*N was in the Stocks,
 But lik'd the candour of CHARLES FOX; 30
 Like a fair Marksman aim'd his way
 And was too proud to poach for prey,
 But had at least a right to game
 As much as others one can name;
 Yet still when he would hit a Place
 It ended in a *Wild-goose-chase*.

Spring, 1795.



E P I S T L E

FROM A YOUNG SWAIN

TO AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY.

AS longs with eager wish some Northern Boor,
 Half-starv'd on frightful ICELAND's frozen shore,
 To view *the Sun*, that parent of delight,
 Dissolve the Snow, and dissipate the Night;
 Just so long I my listless limbs to lay,
 Make *Thee* my Sun and bask in Love's pure ray.

5

As pants the Hart——ah! babbling fool give o'er,
 And forge such vile comparisons no more.

What shall I say? oh! had I OVID's flame

Above all Mortals I'd exalt thy fame.

10

The Graces all with humble zeal should wait

To give *thee* Bloom, and Attitude, and Gait;

To form *thee* faultless what should not combine?

The perfect Goddess in my verse should shine.

Venus of *Medicis* ne'er pleas'd me more

15

Than that fair *Symmetry* I *now* adore!

Then should'st thou hear of sparkling, crystal eyes,

The glowing cheek and snowy breast should rise:

The flowing waist that swells without the hoop,

The Roman dignity, the Grecian stoop,

20

Each charm Olympic fondly would I beg,

The well-turn'd ancle, and the taper leg.

Where soar I?——ah! 'tis time that I should end;

These lines will shew I'm something more than FRIEND.

Saturday Morning, JUNE 14, 1783.

EPISTLE

TO

THE REV. MR. HOUSMAN.

BESEECHING of my gentle Muse
A favour she would loth refuse,
Dear HARRY, you request a Strain
That may to distant times remain:
Whilst yet *the Swan* on buoyant wings
Mounts proudly from Castalian springs,
And all unmov'd with vulgar fears
Directs his progress tow'rd the spheres.
Ere drown'd in care, or fix'd in thought,
He flags his wing, and drops his note;
Ere yet the flame of Fancy wanes,
And Youth still revels in my veins!

As if your true and loving Friend
On sounding pinion could ascend,
Or with an ancient Sibyll's charm
Time of his cruel Scythe disarm.

Thus BOANERGES-like You ask,
(Pardon the trope) too hard a task.

Had I the talismanic art
 Immortal vigour to impart, 20
 Or could with aid of sweetest poesies
 Work out my Friend's Apotheosis,
 And with the aery trump of rhyme
 Could waft you down the tide of Time,
 Alas! an Echo here below 25
 Is all the Muses can bestow,
 Through fleeting mouths transmitted down
 To grace the annals of Renown.

Friendship is an ethereal flame,
 Whilst Verse but saves an empty name! 30

Or Prose-men then, or Men of Rhymes,
 Let us, my Friend, be wise betimes;
 Reflect on happy seasons past,
 And use each moment as our last;
 With dauntless breasts right onward move,
 Then leave the rest to Gods above!

April, 1796.



EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO

C H L O E.

WHILST at thy feet a hundred Suitors bend,
 And piteous vows from Billets-doux ascend ;
 Whilst at thy shrine, unable to be freed,
 I see a Hecatomb of Lovers bleed ;
 Dear CHLOE, canst thou listen to a Lay 5
 That wishes to perpetuate thy sway,
 And, whilst it shews new methods how to move
 And better furbishes the shafts of Love,
 Would make the Swain that at thy mercy lies
 Still more the victim of thine *Heart* than *Eyes*? 10

By Nature temper'd of materials rare,
 And by her lovely pencil painted fair,
 She that in Cupid's School has ta'en Degrees
 Knows that a Woman's province is "to please."
 This OVID taught two thousand years ago; 15
 So take the precept of a *Roman Beau*.
 Nor think I broach imaginations vain,
 The fine-spun tissue of a Poet's brain,
 Nor

Nor yet that Woman's of defence bereft
 (A beauteous Rose without a Thistle left) 20
 Nature that drest the Sex in lovely charms
 (So sings *Anacreon*) gave them killing Arms.
 Cowards at the onset they prevail at length,
 And gain by meekness what they lose in strength;
 Like *Parthians* wounding as they quit the field, 25
 And most victorious when they seem to yield.

Yet still the Sex to Manhood must resort,
 And feels that valour is its best support.
 'Tis Nature therefore that in honest truth
 Compels a Maid to love a gallant Youth. 30

Besides, when Venus smoothes the front of Mars,
 It fires our Youth to honourable scars;
 Nor care I if a Soldier, brave and rough,
 Should ground his Buckler to take up a Muff.
 In Love's Court-Martial 'tis a venial sin 35
 (When softer strains take place of warlike din)
 Altho' a bearded *Satellite* of War
 Sigh to a Harpsichord or sweet Guittar.

True Courage in an equal combat lies;
 The bravest Chief may dread my CHLOE's eyes; 40
 And he that storms a Fort or sacks a Town
 May tremble at the rustling of a Gown.

Thus *Antony* and *Julius* of yore
 (As *Macedonia's Hero* did before)
 Gaz'd upon Beauty as a costly gem, 45
 The price of an Imperial Diadem.

Yet

Yet ah! *my Chloe*, once for all "Beware,"
(The same advice I give to all the Fair)

Think not a Plume a thing of mighty note,
Nor yet all Virtues in a Scarlet Coat!
Probe deeper than the surface, till thou find
Whether true Honour's seated in the Mind.

Tho' crowds of Foplings at thy foot-stool fall,
Know that *one* Man of Sense is worth them all.

Full many a giddy Youth a sudden glance
Shot from a silken eye-lash throws in trance,
Who soon shakes off the fool-bewitching chain,
And in Lethean opiates steeps his brain.

But he whom sober charms and reason move,
Who builds on *Sentiment* the throne of Love,
Will never with the lov'd *Idea* part,
But sucks the darling passion to his heart.

Ev'n I myself, a *Poet* and *Divine*,
Feel no disgrace to bend at Beauty's shrine,
And thank kind Heav'n that bade my pliant heart
In ev'ry generous passion bear its part.

Yet wish I not to see a Female's breast
With cold Distrust or Apathy possess;
That Avarice should seize the torch of Love
Forbid it, *Venus*, and forbid it, *Jove*!

I love the Maid by simple Nature driv'n,
Who holds her Swain a God, and Love a Heav'n;

Yet

Yet sigh with pity when she yields her will
 To a French Barber's or a Taylor's skill,
 And thinks each Coxcomb worthy of her note
 That makes his leg and wears a birth-day coat.

75

I'm pleas'd to see a Nymph all eyes enthral
 Sparkling in Box, or swimming at a Ball;
 Transfix'd I lie and to my fate resign'd
 To feel those charms an emblem of her mind,
 Where the *fair Tempter* that provok'd to sin
 Corrected stands by the *Chaste Saint* within!

80

But, lest my Freedom prove Intrusion too,
 Take a short lesson, CHLOË, and adieu!

Employ all honest arts, spare no expence
 To captivate *one* generous Youth of Sense.
 And when kind Heav'n shall bless thee with a Spouse
 Keep thou a free, yet œconomic House;
 Be just, be gentle, fearful to offend,
 And love thine *Husband* as thy dearest *Friend*;
 Strive not for mast'ry, flee domestic strife,
 And prove in all things an *obedient Wife*.

85

90

The Heart thus vanquish'd and enthral'd by thee
 Will kiss its chain, nor wish for Liberty.

March, 1796.

75
80
IMITATIONS,

85
90
Ec.



A
FAREWELL TO THE MUSES;

BEING AN IMITATION OF
THE SEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

TO CÆSAR.

ON CÆSAR (*a*) all our better hopes depend:

The *Monarch* is (*b*) alone the Muse's *Friend*.

Cold is the comfort of a subject's praise

Who starves the Poet whom he crowns with Bays,

Unhappy (*c*) Wit, ah! whither shalt thou fly,

5

Where court the influence of a brighter sky?

Long hast thou been the Tennis-ball of fate,

The Jest of Opulence, the (*d*) Scorn of State,

By

Et spes et ratio studiorum in CÆSARE (*a*) tantùm :
Solutus (*b*) enim tristes hâc tempestate Camœnas
Respexit; (*c*) cùm jam celebres notiq; poetæ
Balneolum Gabiis, Romæ conducere furnos
Tentarent: nec foedum alii, nec turpe putarent
Præcones fieri; cum desertis Aganippes
Vallibus, esuriens migraret in (*d*) atria Clio.

By Fools degraded, nay, by half Mankind
 Deem'd a mere *Ignis-fatuus* of the mind. 10
 Oh! say what future hopes there yet remain,
 Balm to thy wounds and lenitives of pain!
 What recompence Apollo can bestow
 On a long life of Pilgrimage below!

Yet (e) better thus provoke ignoble spleen, 15
 With trembling hands a scanty pittance glean,
 Drink to the dregs of Sorrow's bitter bowl
 And bend to Fate with dignity of Soul;
 Sell (f) Plays at Bedlam on a musty Stall,
 Befringe with (g) FAUSTUS* BURLINGTON's dead wall }
 Or grow as wise in Steeds as *Tattersall*,
 Than truck for Indian gems an honest Name,
 And puzzle Monarchs† to emblaze it Fame;
 Or be the Lord of supplicating Slaves,
 Of menial Courtiers and of silken Knaves. 25

Quick at thy frown lo! *Coromandel's* Coasts
 Grow black with Nabobs and confed'rate Hosts.
 Do *Delhi's* Treasures fire thy fev'rish mind
 To thin the helpless race of Human-kind?

* Legendary tales of Dr. Faustus.

† Kings of Arms, doubtless.

Go

Nam si Pieriâ quadrans tibi nullus in umbrâ
 Ostendatur, ames nomen victumq; Macheræ;
 Et vendas (e) potius commissa quod auctio vendit
 Stantibus, ænophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas,
 Alcithoen (f) Pacci, Thebas, et Terça (g) Fausti.

Hoc

Go on, and prosper; let no dread of shame 30
 Curb thy brave spirit or thy steps reclaim.
 In vain shall BURKE (the TULLY of his Times)
 Pour down indignant Rhet'rick on thy crimes;—
 Go on, and prosper; laugh at penal laws
 Whilst Gold has eloquence to plead a cause! 35
 Be Knight, (*h* buy Boroughs, *i*) when thou wilt, and where,
 Or, if thou'st made three Plumbs—why be a *Peer*.
 Yet lurks there not *one* ambush'd foe alive?
 Could *Plassey's* glories gild the end of *Clive*?

Yet, (*k*) lest the tuneful Votaries of the Nine 40
 Should still against their angry stars repine,
 Know that (*l*) henceforth begins a golden reign,
 (Attend, ye Poets, to the pleasing strain)
 Know that henceforth, if ye can but deserve,
 His Sacred Majesty forbids you starve. 45
 He that gives places, pensions, and degrees,
 And shall make PETER * Laureat, if he please,
 Looks (*n*) round for merit, brave rewards will give,
 And they that grow not rich, perchance—may live.
 Rouse (*m*) then, ye Bards, strike up the jocund lyre, 50
 And sweep the chords with renovated fire!

* Peter Pindar.

And

Hoc satius quam si dicas sub iudice vidi
 Quod non vidisti: faciant Equites (*b*) Asiani,
 Quanquam et (*i*) Cappadoces faciant Equitesq; Bithyni,
 Altera quos nudo traducit Gallia talo.
 Nemo (*k*) tamen studiis indignum ferre laborem
 Cogetur (*l*) posthac, nec sit quicumq; canoris
 Eloquium vocale modis, laurumque momordit.
 Hoc (*m*) agite, o Juvēnes; (*n*) circumspicit et stimulat vos
 Materiamq;

And whilst ye thus divide the festal song,
 Let Echo strain her imitative tongue,
 The notes with mellow'd cadence to prolong.
 Henceforth *Parnassus* shall with praises ring,
 And *Helicon* resound "*Long live the King!*"

55

But should some wicked Agent from *below*
 Of (*o*) other Arts and other Patrons shew,
 Behold thy choice—give up thy darling lyre,
 With Odes and Sonnets feed the funeral Pyre ; (*p*) 60
 Or soothing opiates calm a frantic brain,
 And one more Pensioner St. LUKE * shall gain.

For what but Frenzy to grow wan with care,
 And in a (*q*) cell spy Castles in the Air,
 That Fame may grace thy exit with a tear, 65
 And crown with garlands a sepulchral bier!
 What though the *Abbey* canonize the dust,
 O'ershadow'd by a melancholic (*r*) Bust,
 Yet listen to the solemn dirge below
 " Thus *Butler* † starv'd a hundred years ago !" 70

* A Hospital in London for Lunatics.

† Author of *Hudibras*.

Put

Materiamq; sibi Ducis indulgentia quærit,

Siqua (*o*) aliunde putas rerum expectanda tuarum
 Præsidia, atq; ideo crocææ membrana tabellæ
 Inpletur; lignorum (*p*) aliquid posce ocyus, et quæ
 Componis, dona Veneris, Telesine, marito :
 Aut claude, et positos tineâ pertunde libellos,
 Frange miser calamos, vigilataq; prælia dele
 Qui facis in parvâ sublimia carmina (*q*) cellâ
 Ut dignus venias hederis et imagine (*r*) macrâ.

Spes

Put (*s*) then thy trust in CÆSAR, and evince
 That thou art worthy of so good a Prince.
 Others (*t*) will lavish be of empty praise,
 But not a tester recompence thy lays.
 Wit catches Fools as Luminaries Flies ;
 Or as dull (*u*) School-boys gaze with idiot eyes
 Upon the Peacock's moons and radiant dyes.
 Meanwhile old Age with tott'ring steps creeps on,
 To curse (*v*) the Arts by which she was undone. 80

Besides, (*w*) each *flow'ry Courtier* now-a-days
 Himself composes (*x*) and enacts his plays.
 " *The Stage!* (you cry) *the Stage!* aye, there indeed
 " The genuine Poet ever must succeed.
 " Ever the Nursery of useful Arts, 85
 " Patron munificent to Men of Parts!
 " Here surely open stand the Gates of Grace!—
 " Here surely Genius finds a Resting-place!"—

'Tis

Spes (*s*) nulla ulterior : (*t*) didicit jam dives avarus
 Tantùm admirari, tantùm laudari disertos,
 Ut pueri (*u*) Junonis avem : (*v*) sed defluit ætas
 Et pelagi patiens, et cassidis, atq; ligonis :
 Tædia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque suamq;
 Terpsichoren odit facunda et nuda Senectus.
 Accipe (*w*) nunc artes, ne quid tibi conferat iste
 Quem colis : et Musarum et Apollinis æde relictâ
 Ipse (*x*) facit versus, atq; uni cedit Homero (*y*).
 Propter mille annos. At si dulcedine famæ
 Succensus recites Maculonus commodat ædes,
 At longe ferrata domus servire jubetur,
 In quâ sollicitas imitatur janua portas.

Scit

'Tis mighty well! but what if Lords and Dukes,
 Leaving the purlieus of *St. James* or *Brookes*,
 Should throw their Georges and their Dice aside,
 And out-strut *Kemble* in theatric pride *?
 Whilst some fair Muse† of Quality shall write
 What *Shakespear's* (*y*) genius never *could* indite!
 Then who'd write Tragedies without a bribe
 When Peers turn Play-wrights and each Belle's a Scribe?
 Hence sinks the glory of the scenic page,
 And Folly reigns triumphant on the Stage.
 Yet (*z*) with such goodly prospects in full view
 The self-same road we madly still pursue;
 Lull'd with the empty music of a rhyme,
 Just as the Pack-horse listens to his chime.
 The (*a*) wight that once has drawn his grey-goose quill
 In spite of Gods and Men will scribble still!

Yet (*b*) lives the *Bard* who burns with genuine fires,
 Whose soaring wing to unknown heights aspires?

* Alluding to the modern rage for fashionable Theatricals.

† Lady Wallace, &c. &c.

He

Scit dare libertos extremâ in parte sedentes
 Ordinis, et magnas comitum disponere voces.
 Nemo dabit regum, quanti subsellia constant,
 Et quæ conducto pendent anabathra tigillo,
 Quæq; reportandis posita est orchestra cathedris.
 Nos (*z*) tamen hoc agimus, tenuiq; in pulvere sulcos
 Ducimus, et litius sterili versamus aratro.
 Nam si discedas, laqueo tenet ambitiosi
 Consuetudo mali: (*a*) tenet insanabile multos
 Scribendi cacoethes, et ægro in corde senescit.
 Sed (*b*) Vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,

Qui

He (c) whom I feel but never can express?—

Him must the Fates with ease and plenty bless:

Him oft to visit her romantic cell

Will Fancy call with many a potent spell; 110

With him thro' haunted (d) groves will rove along

To teach in woods the magic pow'rs of Song:

Or waft th' *Enthusiast* to some silver spring

Where, rapt to heaven beneath her brooding wing,

His soul shall kindle with inspiring themes; 115

Pierian slumbers, and prophetic dreams!

But (e) should some mad'ning Bard in durance vile

Dream of the *Laurel* to reward his toil;—

Know that on equal terms the Muses treat,

And visit *Bedlam* sooner than the *Fleet*. 120

PRIOR met the bounteous patron in the Peer*,

And SWIFT repress'd full many a bitter sneer

'Till HARLEY and kind St. JOHN eas'd his spleen;

And "Vive (g) la Bagatelle!" announc'd *St. Patrick's Dean*.

Chill (f) Poverty shall quell the noblest fire, 125

The (h) needy minstrel tunes no silver lyre;

* The Earl of Dorset:

† Swift's favourite Maxim.

K

And

Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui

Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ;

Hunc, (c) qualem nequeo monstare, et sentio tantum,

Anxietate carens animus facit, omnis acerbi

Impatiens, (d) cupidus sylvarum, aptusq; bibendis

Pontibus Aonidum (e) neq; enim cantare sub antro

Pierio, thyrsumve potest contingere sana

Panpertas (f) atq; æris inops quô nocte dieque

Corpus eget. Satur est cum dicit Horatius (g) EUTHOR!

Quis (h) locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo

Vexant

And 'twere a miracle should (i) CHURCHILL flow
 As sweet as courtly YOUNG or liquid ROWE.
 See (k) hapless Dryden prostitute his lays
 To gild rich dulness with the Muse's rays; 130
 Whilst the base Patron grown with homage drunk,
 Discards his Poet to enrich his Punk. (l)

Old (m) DRURY tells a melancholy tale
 (And much I fear too recent to be stale)
 How once an Actor sav'd a Poet's life, 135
 (A wight that wag'd with want unequal strife).
 The Critics, ever eager in their way,
 And Sponsors to each new-born, vig'rous play,

Cry

Vexant, et dominis Cirrhæ Nisæq; feruntur
 Pectora nostra duas non admittentia curas?
 Magnæ mentis opus, nec de lodice parandâ
 Attonitæ, currus et equos, faciesq; Deorum
 Aspicere et qualis Rutulum confundat Erinny's.
 Nam si Virgilio puer et tolerabile desit
 Hospitium caderent omnes a crinibus hydri
 Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina. Poscimus ut sit
 Non minor antiquo (i) Rubrenus Lappa cothurno
 Cujus et alveolos et lænam pignerat Atreus?
 Non (k) habet infelix Numitor quod mittat Amico
 Quintillæ (l) quod donet habet: nec defuit illi
 Unde emeret multâ pascendum carne leonem
 Jam domitum. Constat leviori bellua sumptu
 Nimirum, et capiunt plus intestina Poetæ.
 Contentus famâ jaceat Lucanus in hortis
 Marmoreis: at Serrano tenuique Saleio
 Gloriaquantalibet, quid erit, si gloria tantum est?
 Curritur (m) ad vocem jucundam et carmen Amicæ

Thebaidos

Cry "When will *Agamemnon's* * fate come on?"
 "Oh! Sirs, the (*n*) Poet will rehearse at *One*." 140
 Does (*o*) *He* rehearse? mark how the magnet draws!
 See! the Green-room with wiflings overflows,
 And (*p*) one and all espouse the Author's cause. }
 "Thrice happy Bard! enjoy poetic Glory,
 "Escap'd unblemish'd out of Purgatory. 145
 "Thrice happy Bard! thou darling of the Town,
 "This night thou sleepest on a Bed of down!"
 This night he (*q*) starves (shame to a generous Land)
 Save that an Actor stretches out his hand.
 Ye Lordlings all! go hide your feeble rays, 150
 Or † *QUIN* (*r*) shall vex you with superior blaze.

* A Play of Mr. Thomson, Author of "*The Seasons*," &c.

† Mr. James Quin, the Comedian.

K 2

So

Thebaidos lætam fecit cum (*n*) *STATIUS* Urbem,
 Promisitq; (*o*) diem: tantâ dulcedine captos
 Afficit ille animos, tantâq; libidine vulgi
 Auditur: sed cum fregit subsellia (*p*) versu,
 Esurit, (*q*) intactam Paridi nisi vendet Agaven.
 Ille et militiæ multis largitur honorem,
 Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro.
 Quod non dant procures, dabit (*r*) histrio. Tu Camerinos
 Et Bareas tu nobilium magna atria curas?
 Præfectos Pelopea facit, Philomela tribunos.
 Haud tamen invidas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.
 Quis tibi Mæcenas? quis nunc erit aut Proculeius,
 Aut Fabius? quis Cottâ iterum? quis Lentulus alter?
 Tunc par ingenio pretium; tunc utile multis
 Pallere, et vinum toto nescire Decembri,

Vester

So fares the *Bard*—but men so very spare
 Are like Chameleons, and *may* feed on air!
 Famine, like Chymistry, sublimes the mind,
 The *Spirit* mounts, and leaves the *Corps* behind. 155

But (*s*) see another race of Spectres rise,
 Care on their brows and frenzy in their eyes!
 These are *Historians*, whose incessant toil
 Will scarce supply their sickly lamps with oil.
 What though your labours to a (*t*) Folio grow 160
 (Men of Renown in *Pater-noster-row*)
 Let sad experience teach you common sense,
 Turn (*u*) Scriveners, and multiply your pence!

But (*v*) these are Sluggards, and may well be poor,
 Fortune is not their *Mistress*, but their *Whore*. 165
 Studious of ease, stretch'd out in (*w*) Bed or Shade,
 They seek out haunts for contemplation made,

Too true the Charge! then turn to Men of Spirit;
 The (*x*) *Law* gives ample scope to parts and merit.
 Behold

Vester (*s*) porrò labor fœcundior, historiarum
 Scriptores: petit hic plus temporis, atque olei plus:
 Namque oblata modi millesima (*t*) pagina surgit
 Omnibus, et crescit multâ damnosa papyro.
 Sic ingens rerum numerus jubet atq; operum lex.
 Quæ tamen inde seges? terræ quis fructus apertæ?
 Quis (*u*) dabit historico quantum daret acta legenti?
 Sed (*v*) Genus ignavum quod (*w*) lecto gaudet et umbrâ.
 Dic igitur, quid (*x*) Causidicis civilia præstent
 Officia et magno comites in fasce libelli?

Behold where scarr'd with many a rolling year 170
 Old RUFUS* Turrets venerably rear !
 There rageth oft the (y) Tumult of the Bar,
 And hostile Coifs engage in wordy war,
 The (z) Client urges till the suit wax warm,
 " Serjeant ! a double Fee can do no harm ! " 175
 Briefs, Leases, Mortgage-deeds begin to flutter,
 Soon follows dismal din, and senseless splutter,
 Plea, (a) Replication, Joinder and Rebutter.
 Yet ask to whom such subtle parts and learning,
 You'll hear that *luck* gives talents and discerning. 180
 Envy (b) in ERSKINE can detect a flaw,
 And hints he's eloquent with little law ;

* Westminster Hall built by William Rufus.

Will

Ipsi (y) magna sonant ; sed tunc cum creditor audit,
 Præcipue, (z) vel si tetigit latus acrior illo,
 Qui venit ad dubium grandi cum codice nomen
 Tunc (a) immensa cavi spirat mendacia tolēs
 Conspuiturq; sinus Verum de prendere messem
 Si libet : hinc centum patrimonia Causidicorum
 Parte aliâ solùm russati pone Lacertæ.
 Considerè duces. Surge tu, pallidus Ajax,
 Dicturus dubiâ pro libertate, Bubulco
 Judice. Rumpe miser t. nsum jecur ut tibi lassæ
 Figantur virides, scalarum gloria, palmæ.
 Quod vocis pretium ? siccus petasunculus, et vas
 Pelamidum, aut veteres Afrorum epimenia, bulbi ;
 Aut vinum Tiberi devectum : quinque lagenæ
 Si quater egisti. Si contigit aureus unus,
 Inde cadunt partes ex fœdere pragmaticorum.
 Æmilio (b) dabitur, quantum petet : et melius nos

Egimus

Will squint at PEARCROFT with no great good will,
 But thinks no Oracle like Serjeant HILL :
 Hints some demur (wherein she hath forgot) 185
 Nor till *next Cent'ry* means the Seals for SCOTT.
 And dapper ANGELO exclaims with grief
 " Get a *silk Gown*, *d* or else you get no Brief."
 THURLOW, *c* 'tis true, has reach'd meridian day,
 But lion-like he snatch'd *the Seals* away : 190
 Tho' worth grac'd KENYON (*c* with his fur and chain,
 Yet numbers fruitless bear *Astræa's* * train.

" Arise, thrice ghastly ghost of WILLIAM NOYT,
 (I hear a groupe of sickly Students cry)
 " See the strange taste of this degenerate age 195
 " When reptiles only feed on BRACTON's page !

* Goddess of Justice, and therefore Tutelary Deity to the Bar.

† The indefatigable Attorney General to CHARLES I. upon whom this
 Anagram was made, " I moyl in Law."

Would

Egimus: hujus erim stat cum rus aheneus, alti
 Quadrijuges in vestibulis atque ipse feroci
 Bellatore sedens cum a u h s i e minatur
 Eminus, et statuâ meditatur praelia luscâ.
 Sic (*c*) Pedito cum turba, Matho deficit: exitus hic est
 Tongilli, magno cum rhinocerote lavari
 Qui solet et vexat lutea balnea turbâ
 Perque orum juvenes longo premit asserere Medos,
 Empturus pueros, argentum, myrrhina, villas:
 Spondet enim Tyrio Salaria purpura filo.
 Et tamen hoc ipsis est utile: (*d*) purpura vendit
 Causidicum, vendunt amethystina: convenit illis

Et

Would ye ?—I know ye would to honours rise ;
 And lo ! a pleasant road before you lies.
 Tho' TULLY were of Council to the King,
 He'd wax more brilliant with his (*f*) diamond ring. 200
 Let (*e*) Ancient Serjeants grow purblind in Law,
 Such reverend Mummerys as the Sun ne'er saw }
 Whilst ye seek Bath, Brighthelmstone, and the Spa ;
 Drive six in hand, (*g*) infest the public rooms }
 With lacquer'd footmen, and with borrow'd (*h*) grooms ; }
 Grow rich, and wonder whence the money comes :
 Last, pawn some Minister another soul,
 And with St. Stephen's Chapel crown the whole.
 Or, wiser still, seek out a (*i*) distant shore,
 And rise as ermin'd I — rose before. 210

Sometimes (*h*) great Talents fill the *Pedant's* chair,
 And (heavens!) what patience is the good Man's share,
To

Et strepitu et facie majore vivere census.
 Sed finem impensæ non servat prodiga Roma.
 Ut (*e*) redeant veteres; Ciceroni nemo ducentos
 Nunc dederit nummos, nisi fulserit (*f*) annulus ingens.
 Respicit (*g*) hoc primùm qui litigat an tibi servi
 Octo, decem comites, an post te sella, (*h*) togati
 Ante pedes. Ideò conductà Paulus agebat,
 Sardonyce, atque ideò pluris, quàm Cossus agebat,
 Quàm Basilus. Rara in tenui facundia panno.
 Quando licet flentem Basilo producere matrem?
 Quis benè dicentem Basilum ferat? accipiat te
 Gallia, (*i*) vel potius nutricula Causidicorum
 Africa, si placuit mercedem imponere linguae.

Declamare

To ' bear the murth'ring clamour of a Schöol
 From the spoilt stripling to the full grown fool?
 See him with matchless fortitude engage 213
 In all the tumult of th' historic page!
 In vain do precipices intervene,
 With Moorish *m* Hannibal or Prince Eugène
 O'er snow-capt Alps he draws his legion'd Host;
 And chills with horror each surrounding coast. 223
 Each day he puts some enemy to rout,
 Or sits in council and propounds his doubt:
 With march and counter-march quite out of breath,
 And barely rescued from the jaws of death,
 He musters courage on the Quarter-day 225
 To state arrears, and claim his hard-earn'd pay.

The

Declamare (*k*) doces? ô ferrea pectora! Væsti,
 Cùm perim'it sævos classis numerosa tyrannos.
 Nati quæcunq; sedens modò legerat, hæc eadem stans
 Proferat, atq; eadem cantabit versibus isdem.
 Occidit (*l*) miseros crambè repetita magistros.
 Quis color, et quod sit causæ genus, atq; ubi summa
 Quæstio, quæ veniant diversa parte sagittæ,
 Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.
 Mercedem appellas? quid enim scio? culpa docentis
 Scilicet arguitur quod læva in parte mamillæ
 Nil salit Arcadico juveni, cuius mihi sextâ
 Quâque die miserum dirus caput (*m*) Hannibal implet:
 Quicquid id est, de quo deliberat; an petat Urbem
 A Cannis; an post nimbos et fulmina cautus
 Circumagat madidas a tempestate cohortes.
 Quantum vis stipulare, et protinus accipe quod do,
 Ut toties illum pater audiat. Ast alii sex
 Et plures uno conclamant ore sophistæ,

The churlish Father meets him at the door;
 " Go take the (*n*) law—thou art so dev'lish poor!
 " My Son's the self-same dunce he was before."
 Oh! leave such idle tales and fruitless ways
 To such as vamp romance and fustian Plays.

}
 230

Yet (*o*) mark th' unwearied pains and doting care
 Which *great men* use to spoil an hopeful Heir!
 With learning such as might befit his groom,
 The Stripling's train'd to trail a curry-comb;
 Skill'd in the pedigree of every Steed,
 And panting for *Newmarket's* *p*) glorious meed.
 Be (*q*) it a cloudy or a sunny day
 His menial knaves officious homage pay;
 With feet of Merc'ry, and with eyes of fire,
 They learn to guess each embryo-desire.
 Add that the Rogue has got a taste, forsooth,
 A season'd palate and a dainty tooth;

235

240

L

Jests

Et veras (*n*) agitant lites, raptore relicto:
 Fusa venena silent, malus ingratusq; maritus,
 Et quæ jam veteres sanant, mortaria cæcos.
 Ergo sibi dabit ipse rudem; si nostra movebunt
 Consilia, et vitæ diversum iter ingredietur,
 Ad pugnam qui rhetoricâ descendit ab umbrâ,
 Suminula ne pereat, quâ vilis tessera venit
 Frumenti: quippe hæc merces lautissima: (*o*) tenta
 Chrysogonus quanti doceat, vel Pollio quanti
 Lautorum pueros, artem scindens Theodori.
 Balnea sexcentis et pluris porticus, in quâ
 Gestetur (*p*) Dominus quoties pluit: anne serenum
 Exspectet, spargatve luto jumenta recenti?
 Hic potius; namq; hic mundæ nitet (*q*) ungula mulæ.

Parte

Jests at the *Shakespear* * with the Patriot-groupe,
Weltje † confections (*r*) serves, and *Burgess* ‡ (*s*) soup;
 Taught by the gray experience of his Sire
 Which sauces to reject and which admire!
 Meanwhile the virtuous and much-injur'd Man
 Who toil'd in vain to mould him to his plan,
 To be his House's and his Country's boast, 250
 Shrinks to a *lean Annuitant* at most.

I (*t*) grant that Fortune, in good-natur'd mood,
 Has sometimes serv'd the modest and the good.
 We need no *Herschel* § that in every sphere 255
 Will now and then a Prodigy appear!
 Yet MILTON gladly stript the Pedant's gown,
 And scowling JOHNSON threw the ferule down;
 And, had not *Bellenden* || to notice led,
 'Tis thought that (*u*) PARR had been but poorly sped. 260

* The Shakespear-Head in Covent-Garden, the place of Rendezvous at Whig-Meetings.

† Of St. James's Street.

‡ Of the Strand.

§ The celebrated Astronomer.

|| Republished with eclat by Dr. Parr.

Queen

Parte aliâ longis Numidarum fulta columnis
 Surgat, et argentem rapiat cœnatio solem.
 Quanticunq; domus, veniet qui (*r*) fercula doctè
 Componit, veniet qui (*s*) pulmentaria condit.
 Hos intet sumptus sèstertia Quintiliano
 Ut multùm, duo sufficient; res nulla minoris
 Constat patri quam filius. (*t*) Unde igitur tot
 Quintilianus (*u*) habet saltus? exempla novorum
 Fatorum transi. Felix, et pulcher, et acer,
 Felix, et sapiens, et nobilis, et generosus

Appositum

Queen *Fortune* sallying forth on waxen wings
 Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings;
 Sooner shall Fox degenerate to a Slave,
 HORNE TOOKE grow modest, SHERIDAN be grave;
 Ev'n PRIESTLEY for a Mitre shall be fit, 265
 Or Argument desert the lips of PITT,
 Than a brave Spirit in the scale ascend
 Unless the Stars vouchsafe to be his Friend.
 Oh! (v) there's strange difference what Planets shed
 Their sovereign influence o'er an Infant's head. 270
 What (w) rais'd BRASS CROSBY to Prætorian power,
 Then lodg'd the City-Chief within the Tower*?

* In March, 1771.

L 2

Made

Appositum nigræ lunam subtexit alutæ :
 Felix, Orator quoq; maximus et jaculator;
 Et si perfrixit cantat benè. (v) Distat enim, quæ
 Sidera te excipiant, modò primos incipientem
 Edere vagitus, et adhuc a matre rubentem.
 Si Fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Consul;
 Si volet hæc eadem, fies de Consule Rhetor;
 Ventidius (w) quid enim? quid Tullius? anne aliud, quàm
 Sidus, et occulti miranda potentia fati?
 Servis regna dabunt, captivis fata triumphos.
 Felix ille tamen, corvo quoq; rarior albo.
 Pœnituit multos vanæ sterilisq; cathedræ.
 Sicut Thrasymachi probat exitus atq; Secundi
 Carrinatis; et hunc inopem vidistis Athenæ,
 Nil præter gelidas ausæ conferre cicutas.
 Dî (z) majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram
 Spirantesq;

Made WILKES the Commons and the Court defy,
And then an *Out-law* into France to fly?

Fortune :—she sways the Sceptre or the Blade, 275
And here a CROMWELL rules, there dies a CADE.

Thrice (z) blessed Shades of our Fore-fathers hail !
Ne'er may your honours fade or lineage fail !
Oh! may the sod lie lightly on your heads,
And flowers eternal deck your sainted beds, 280
Who first to bookish Men gave fat'ning ease,
Endowing Monast'ries or Colleges !
Who knew his Christ-cross-row, without restraint
Might live a Conj'r or then, and die a Saint !
Thé (a) Warrior then rever'd the Sage's frown, 285
And Arms submitted to the peaceful Gown.
Now (b) (sad reverse!) a life in letters spent
Turns Gold to Dross, and Christmas into Lent ;

And

Spirantesq; crocos, et in urnâ perpetuum ver
Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco. Metuens virgæ jam grandis (a) Achilles
Cantabat patriis in montibus: et cui non tunc
Eliceret risum citharædi cauda magistri?
Sed (b) Ruffum, atque alios cædit sua quæque juvenus:
Ruffum, qui toties Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.
Quis gremio Encladi, doctique Palæmonis affert
Quantum grammaticus meruit labor? et tamen ex hoc
Quodcumq; est (minùs est autem, quàm rhetoris æra)
Discipuli custos præmordet Accenitus ipse
Et qui dispensat frangit sibi. Cede Palæmon
Et patere inde aliquid decrescere: non aliter quàm
Institor hybernæ tegetis, niveique cadurci;

Dummodò

And many a Caitiff on St. Michael's day
 At Quarter-Sessions (*c*) claims his quarter's pay. 290
 A (*d*) patent Quack's, or tricky Artist's gains
 Will thrice as amply recompense his pains!

But (*e*) see! thy son sprouts up a hopeful spark,
 Art thou a Father? seek some Aristarch,
 Vers'd in scholastic rules beyond compare, 295
 And all the Ancients quoting to a hair, (*f*)
 Who holds it Treason to break *Priscian's* head,
 And well nigh half the (*g*) *Vatican* has read;
 In logic and in metaphysics famous
 From *St. Aquinas* * down to *Peter Ramus* *; 300
 Who through such (*h*) Epic Seas has safely sail'd
 That surely *BENTLEY's* Hat† for once had vail'd;

* Celebrated Metaphysicians, &c. of the 13th and 16th Centuries.

† See this Hat immortalized in the Dunciad.

Exact

Dummodò non pereat, mediæ quod noctis ab horâ
 Sedisti, quâ nemo faber, quâ nemo sederet,
 Qui (*c*) docet obliquo lanam deducere ferro:
 Dummodò non pereat totidem olfecisse lucernas,
 Quot stabant pueri, cùm totus decolor esset
 Flaccus, et hæreret nigro fuligo Maroni.
 Rara (*c*) tamen merces quæ cognitione tribuni
 Non egeat. (*e*) Sed vos sævas imponite leges
 Ut præceptorum verborum regula constet,
 Ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes, (*g*)
 Tanquam (*f*) unguis digitosque suos, ut fortè rogatus
 Dum petit aut thermas, aut Phœbi balnea, dicat
 Nutricem Anchisæ, nomen, patriamque; novercæ
 Archemori: (*b*) dicat quot *Acestes* vixerit annos

Quot

Exact (*i*) that he his ev'ry thought employ
 In Virtue's mould to frame the blooming Boy ;
 To watch each motion, gesture, action, air,
 With all the dotage of parental (*k*) care ;
 Then cry " Well done !" as great Sir MILO cries,
 And gives the *boxing* (*m*) Hebrew thrice the prize,

1789

Quot Sículus Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas.
 Exigite, (*i*) ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
 Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit : exigite, ut sit
 Et (*k*) pater ipsius cætus, ne turpia ludant,
 Ne faciant vicibus : non est leve tot puerorum
 Observare manûs, oculosq; in fine trementes.
 Hæc, inquit, cures : sed cum se verterit annus,
 Accipe (*l*) victori populus quod postulat aurum.



LANCASTER;

BEING AN IMITATION OF

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

TO A FRIEND.

WHILST You, 'a) *my Friend*, ere Winter's stormy reign
Quells the gay glories of the flow'ry plain,
On (b) CAM's smooth margin sporting, as you use,
With glow seraphic woo the willing Muse ;
Great Master of the Lyre ! what noble theme
Does Fancy prompt You in mysterious dream ?
Whether in choral symphonies You raise
The pealing Anthem of immortal praise,
To that puissant and all-bounteous King
Who call'd forth Eden and (c) primeval Spring ;

Admovit jam Bruma foco te, (a) Basse, Sabino? (b)
Jamne lyra et tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordæ?
Mirè opifex numeris veterum (c) primordia vocum
Atq; marem strepitum fidis intendisse Latinæ;

Mox

Or, warbling on your harp the loves of (*d*) Youth,
 You blend the notes of salutary Truth,
 Fresh lustre give to venerable (*e*) Age,
 And with the Graces moralize your page?

For (*f*) *Me*, far distant from the noisy Town, 15
 On my own *native* Banks I lay me down,
 And gaze with rapture on that blissful shore
 Where high-born GAUNT hath oft-times gaz'd before.
 Sweet Port of (*g*) LUNE! no fairer stream than thine,
 E'er roll'd immortal thro' the Epic line. 20
 Here with delight for ever could I dwell,
 Calm thy smooth bed, or bid thy surges swell!
 With joy I trace thee thro' thy winding way, (*h*)
 Here a bright River, there a spacious Bay, }
 And now I lose thee in the spreading Sea. }
 Here (*i*) safely moor'd in Life's sequester'd vale,
 Awhile at least I furl the shorten'd sail;
 And, more than Conqu'ror, I myself intrench,
 Nor fear the *k* Austrian or malicious French;
 Whilst Conscience shuts each bold Invader out, 30
 And is to me a fortified Redoubt!

Embargoed

Mox juvenes (*d*) agitare jocos, et pollice honesto
 Egregios lusisse (*e*) senes? (*f*) mihi nunc Ligus ora
 Intepet, hibernatq; meum mare, qua latus ingens
 Dant scopuli et multâ littus se valle receptat. (*b*)
 LUNÆ (*g*) Portum est operæ cognoscere, Cives!
 Cor jubet hoc Enni postquam destertuit esse
 Mæonides quintus pavone ex Pythagoræo.
 Hic (*i*) ego securus vulgi, et quid præparet (*k*) AUSTER,
 Infelix

Embargoed here I never will repine
 But chearfully perform my quarantine;
 Do penance for transgressions that are past,
 And strive to rectify myself at last ! 35

Nor yet shall wicked *Envy* taint my mind
 Because the Fates are to my *(l)* Neighbour kind,
 Who on a broader basis takes his stand
 Of Meadow, Arable, and Pasture Land.
 A breaker of the Law I never was, 40
 Nor covet I another's *Ox* nor *Ass*.
 Nor should a *(m)* Mushroom prove a rich Man's Heir,
 Shall that plough up my forehead with a care,
 Or cause my free, yet philosophic flask
 To visit seldomer the dainty cask. 45
 Against our stars 'tis folly to repine,
 Each has his humour, and a *Song* is mine,
 Who feel rejoic'd if Men of Wit commend,
 At least be every *honest* man my friend,
 To each his fancy : 'tis in vain to hope 50
 Twin-tempers under the same *o* horoscope.
 One (for his Birth-day is an annual treat)
 Crowns the blest Season with *one* joint of Meat ;

M

Or,

Infelix pecori ; securus et angulus ille
 Vicini *(l)* nostro quia pinguior : et si aded omnes
 Ditescant *(m)* orti pejoribus, usque recusem
 Curvus ob id minui senio, aut coenare sine uncto,
 Et signum in vapidâ naso tetigisse lagenâ.
 Discrepet his alius : geminos, *(o)* horoscope, varo

Producis

Or, if he ask a special Friend to dine,
 Luxurious wretch! he treats with *p* Tavern Wine! 55
 His *r* jolly Brother, opposite in taste,
 Like *Falstaff** runs his slender *means to waste!*
 Grant *s* me, Ye Gods! to use the golden mean,
 And keep my Credit and my Cupboard clean;
 Nor (*t*) with a Turbot stuff a thankless Clown, 60
 Nor yet to Craw-fish set my betters down.
 Be *u* not penurious, since to-morrow's sun
 Belike may see the fatal Distaff spun!

"But (*v*) hold, I beg," exclaims a gaping Heir,
 "If much you spend, Sir, small must be my share! 65
 "You have, Heav'n knows, Relations very poor,
 "And one lies stranded on the (*w*) Irish Shore."—
 Relieve him, then, (*x*) and I'll throw in my mite,
 Nay mortgage, if thou'lt sign away thy right;
 Nor leave him, whilst his gallant deeds he tells y', 70
 A (*y*) Pensioner at Greenwich or at Chelsea.

* Vide Second Part of HENRY IV. Act 1, Scene 2.

Live

Producis genio. Solis natalibus est qui
 Tingat olus siccum muriâ vafer in (*p*) calice emptâ
 Ipse sacrum irrorans patinæ piper: (*r*) hic bona dente
 Grandia magnanimus peragit puer. (*s*) Utar, ego utar,
 Nec (*t*) rhombos ideo libertis ponere lautus,
 Nec tenuem solers turdarum nosse salivam.
 Messe (*u*) tenuis propria vive: et granaria (*fas est*)
 Emole. Quid metuas? occa; et seges altera in herba est.
 Ast (*v*) vocat officium: trahe ruptâ, Bruttia saxa
 Prendit amicus inops, remq; omnem surdaq; vota
 Condidit: Ionio (*w*) jacet ipse in littore, et unâ

Ingentes

Live as I may, I care not if my bones
 Be cas'd or not with brass and lying stones;
 Nor like I funeral-feasts, z nor trappings, which
 Shall make an hungry Undertaker rich;
 Nor is a trophied *a* Urn concern to me,
 Who think no Monument like *Charity*!

But (*b*) hark ! I hear the thund'ring Cannons roar,
 And shouts of Vict'ry fill the *Kentish Shore*;
 Post after post spurs on with garlands gay, 80
 And merry steeples greet them by the way:
 Shall I, dull I, in thankless mood repine,
 Whilst *YORK* and (*c*) *CÆSAR* triumph on the *Rhine*?
 Whilst rebel-Ensigns are in order drawn,
 And laurel-wreaths in high procession shewn? 85

Ver. 85. Ironically spoken of the mock-triumphs of Caligula, as the Commentators on Persius will have it in the Original; and soon after the era of this *Imitation* the aspect of affairs on the Continent unhappily became less flattering to the *Allies*.

M 2

Trophies

Ingentes de puppe dei: iamq; obvia mergis
 Costa ratis laceræ. (*x*) Nunc et de cespite vivo
 Frange aliquid, largire inopi, (*y*) ne pictus oberret
 Cæruleâ in tabulâ: sed (*z*) cœnam funeris hæres
 Negliget iratus, quod rem curtaveris: (*a*) urnæ
 Ossa inodorata dabit; seu spirent cinnama surdum
 Seu ceraso peccent casæ, nescire paratus.
 Tune bona incolumis minuas? sed Bestius urget
 Doctores Graios: ita fit postquam sapere urbi
 Cum pipere et palmis venit nostrum hoc maris experts,
 Fœnisecæ crasso vitiarunt unguine pultes.
 Hæc cinere ulterior metuas? (*b*) at tu, meus hæres,
 Quisquis eris paulum a turbâ seductior, audi.

O bone

Trophies (*e*) from Regicides, pil'd up on high,
 Tri-colour'd Flags, and Caps of Liberty?
 Whilst joy and gladness dwell within our walls,
 And loud Te-Deums echo from *St. Paul's*?
 Know (*g*) on this Day I mean to charge my glass, 90
 When circling toasts shall in brisk vollies pass.
 Why (*h*) should I starve myself to please my Heir?
 If he debar me, less shall be his share.
 Nothing more easy than to shift the scene
 To (*i*) Broad St. Giles's, or to (*k*) Bethnall-Green; 95
 And, whilst I there adopt me any son,
 Obtain at least a (*l*) Beggar's benison.
 What (*m*) care I if he be a Son of Earth,
 So be he prove himself a Man of Worth,
 Who have (*n*) myself no 'Scutcheon in the *Hall*, 100
 Nor a (*o*) Welch Pedigree upon the wall?

Go

O bone, num ignoras? missa est a (*c*) CÆSARE laurus
 Insignem ob cladem Germanæ pubis, et aris
 Frigidus excutitur cinis: (*e*) ac jam postibus arma,
 Jam chlamydas Regum, jam lutea gausapa captis,
 Essedaq; ingentesq; locat Cæsonia (*f*) Rhenos.
 Dis (*g*) igitur Genioq; ducis centum paria, ob res
 Egrediè gestas, induco: (*h*) quis vetat? aude.
 Væ! nisi connives. Oleum artocreasq; popello
 Largior: an prohibes? dic clarè? non aded, inquis,
 Exossatus ager juxtà est. Age, si mihi nulla
 Jam relinqua ex avitis, patrueis nulla, proneptis
 Nulla manet: patrui sterilis matertera vixit,
 Deq; aviâ nihilum superest: (*i*) accedo Bovillas,
 Clivumq; (*k*) ad Virbî; præsto est mihi (*l*) Manius hæres.
 Progenies (*m*) Terræ? quære ex me, (*n*) quis mihi quartus
 Sit Pater, haud promptè, dicam tamen, adde etiam unum

Unum

Go 'p' wiser then, and plod from Pole to Pole,
 As far as winds can blow, or billows roll,
 To 'q' *Mammon* bid ten thousand altars rise,
 For Morning and for Evening-Sacrifice; 105
 Twice, thrice, nay ten-fold multiply thy pelf,
 Add 'r' slave to slave (the greatest still *thyself*)
 Then, (s) like *CANUTE*, if thou canst curb the Tide,
 Perchance thine *Avarice* may be supplied !

Lancaster, Sept. 1794

Unum etiam : terræ est jam filius : (o) et mihi ritâ
 Manius hic generis propè major avunculus extat.
 Qui priores, cur me in decursu lampada poscis ?
 Sum tibi Mercurius : venio Deus huc ego, ut ille
 Pingitur ; an remis ? vin' tu gaudere relictis ?
 Deest aliquid summæ. Minui mihi : sed tibi totum es,
 Quicquid id est. Ubi sit fuge quærere, quod mihi quondam
 Legarat Tadius ; neu dicta repone paterna
 Fœnoris accedat merces ; hinc exime sumptus.
 Quid reliquum est ? reliquum ? nunc, nunc impensius unge.
 Unge, puer, caules, Mihi festâ luce coquatur
 Urtica et fissâ fumosum sinciput aure,
 Ut tuus iste nepos olim satur anseris extis,
 Cum morosa vago singultiet inguine vena,
 Patriciæ immeiat vulvæ ? mihi trama figuræ
 Sit reliqua : ast illi tremat omento popa venter ?
 Vende (p) animum lucro, (q) mercare, atq; excute solers
 Omnè latus Mundi : ne sit præstantior alter
 Cappadocas (r) rigidâ pingues plausisse catastâ.
 Rem duplica : feci : jam triplex, jam mihi quartâ,
 Jani decies redit in rugam. Depunge ubi sistam,
 Inventor, (s) Chrysippe, tui et finitor acervi.

H O R A C E,

ODE XIV. BOOK II. IMITATED.

 TO THE

 EARL OF MEXBOROUGH.

TIME, *my dear Lord*, still flits away,
 Still nearer draws th' inevitable day;
 In vain would verse assistance bring,
 Or piety arrest his sweeping wing;
 Nor will three hecatombs appease
 The tearless Tyrant of our destinies:
 Nor yet may human power, or pride
 Hope to re-cross th' inexorable tide:
 Restrain'd to one poor voyage we,
 Kings, Vassals,—all that share Mortality.
 Trembling and pale in vain we post,
 And shun the War, and the wide-wasting Host;
 In vain would we in safety sleep,
 And flee the horrors of the angry deep:
 We must behold one distant shore
 And go where our great Sires are gone before!
 And when Fate summons them away
 The gentle line of SAVILE must obey!
 Torn (cruel!) from your native farms,
 And rifled from a tender Spouse's arms!

Vain

Vain then, alas! *my Lord*, must prove
 Each charming vista and each gay alcove;
 Vain every quincunx, once so dear,
 The Cypress only must attend a bier!
 To-morrow sprightlier Heirs shall see
 To lead the Choir of Mirth and Revelry,
 And quaff the sweetly-flowing Bowl
 That warms the generous current of the soul;
 Each flagon crown'd with wine (I ween)
 Fit for an *Abbot*, or a rosy *Dean*.

Methley-Park, Dec. 3, 1790.



A PARAPHRASE

FROM

HORACE, ODE VI. BOOK III.

WOULD Ye the cause why *England* droops her Head
 That erst with Thunder fill'd the Trump of Fame?
 Why, quench'd their light'nings and their glory fled,
 Her Lions slumber heedless of her shame?—
 "That Nation bleeds whose Piety decays,"
 So sung the Lyrist in Augustan days,

Time was—whilst *Science* kept within its shore,
 Nor madly brav'd the circumscribing line;
 Ere *False Philosophy* with wretched lore
 Drew back the veil of mysteries divine;
 Whilst Men, more meek, walk'd humbly with their God,
 And cheer'd by *Faith* with resignation trod;

Time was—a Nation blasted to its root,
 Despoil'd of Provinces and robb'd of Fame,
 Bereft of wealth, its honour prostitute,
 The feeble Echo of a sounding Name,
 Had pour'd incessantly the bitter prayer,
 And penitential tears mov'd Heav'n to spare.

But

But We, *a wiser Race*, import fresh crimes.

The *Continent* spawns forth a sick'ning breed,
Eunuchs and Panders, drain'd from foreign climes,

Who leave us not ev'n leisure to be good:
For reeking incense far and wide we roam,
And pamper *Vestris* whilst we starve *De Lolme*!

Hark!—fertile Mother of impure desires,

Th' *Italian Sorc'ress* with her mid-night Host!—
Hence sacrilegious joys and impious fires,

Discarded shame and reputation lost:
Crimes, tho' exotic, flourish without toil
When got transplanted to a genial soil!

What wonder then, in Pleasure's treacherous tide,

When stormy Passions swell the prosperous gale,
Whilst warbling Syrens lull the thoughtless guide,

And giddy Youth spreads wide the purple sail
The little Skiff of *Female Honour* shrinks,
Splits on Ambition, or in Folly sinks!

Train'd to each *meretricious* stealth of bliss,

The tempting leer and lust-provoking cheek,
With lips of coral pouting for the kiss,

And swimming eyes which more than lips will speak,
The high-bred Matron, lock'd in th' Adulterer's arms,
Gluts with clandestine joys and furtive charms.

At length comes out the thund'ring Bull of State

Enjoining abstinence from Bed and Board;

* Author of the admirable Treatise on the *Constitution of England*.

With mutual tears—of joy they separate,
The faithless *Countess* from her worthless *Lord*:
Thus thro' the course of infamy they run,
Till the Law finishes what Lust begun !

Not such the loins, impoverish'd and decay'd,
Whence sprung the Chiefs who grac'd *POICTIER*'s Day;
Not such the Race when good *ELIZA* sway'd,
BURLEIGH * to guide, and *HOWARD* † to obey:
Each Age adds something to the stock of sin,
And where we pause our Children shall begin.

Cambridge, 1787.

* Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth.

† Charles, 1st Lord Howard of Effingham, High-Admiral of England, and
Commander in Chief at the Defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588.



O D E

T O

THE REV. THOMAS WARTON,

POET-LAUREAT,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE II. BOOK IV.

O WARTON, sure th' attempt were bold
What Mortal of unhallow'd mould
Presumptuous should essay
With feeble pinion to explore
That radiant tract where GRAY before
Pursued his sacred way.

Like a rich Torrent rolls along
GRAY's mighty Energy of Song;
Now roves thro' myrtle Bow'rs—
Now fills apace the lyric strain—
Hark!—now tremendous roars amain,
And big with horror pours.

Pale and aghast with wild dismay,
The Tyrant EDWARD hears the lay
Breath'd on his Host below:

Old SNOWDON feels th' indignant vow,
 He feels, and bends his clouded brow
 Upon the guilty foe.

Soul of our trembling Passions *He!*
 Whether to joyous minstrelsy,
 He waken Young Desire ;
 Or, soaring on a wing sublime,
 He brave the dark confines of Time,
 And sweep the mystic Lyre.

O WARTON, 'twas a Master's skill
 That lately rul'd the *Theban* Quill,
 Too soon, alas! resign'd.
 Extinct in death our vital flames,
 The sweetest Bards can but their Names
 Immortal leave behind.

For *Me*, content with humble views,
 At GRANTA I indulge my Muse
 In literary ease ;
 Controul each stormy wish to rest,
 Respect myself, and my own Breast
 Am studious how to please.

But when loud plaudits rend the skies,
 Sabeau odours circling rise,
 And grateful influence shed :
 When mounts to Heav'n the Public Voice,
 To show'r down favours on their Choice,
 And bless the Monarch's Head :

Thine

Thine be the honour'd task to raise
The tribute of immortal praise
On GEORGE's natal Morn;
Thine to futurity to give
His *virtues*, and to bid them live
Thro' Ages yet unborn.

Confounded lie *Batavia's* bands,
Perfidious *Bourbon* lifts his hands
For mercy on his Crimes :
Reviving Commerce smiles again
The British Ensign rules the Main
And visits barbarous climes.

Cambridge, 1786.



HORACE,

H O R A C E,

EPISTLE XX. BOOK I. IMITATED.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

ALAS! poor Book, I see thou fain wouldst go
To try thy lot in *Pater-noster-row*.

Thou pantest for release from my Scrutoire,

And wilt be kept in pupilage no more,

A partial Critic, or a Friend select,

5

Thou treatest *now* with very small respect,

Longing to strip thee of thy swaddling bands

And walk abroad without the Nurse's hands.

Go where thou wilt thou never canst return,

No more than Life to Ashes in the Urn.

10

Read thou may'st be (I take it) by a Few

Whilst Virgin-leaves proclaim thee to be *New*;

But these *once* soil'd, the TOWN will soon determine

That thou shalt be an Hospital for Vermine.

Or sent to Indies in some Factor's trunk,

15

Or doom'd to line the toilet of a Punk.

LINTOT and TONSON now, alas! are dead,

And no one like them reigneth in their stead!

Then

Then, when the venom of a Critic's tooth
 Shall fasten on thee, thou'lt repent (forsooth) 20
 And wish in this respect thou'dst copied *Me*,
 Who walk by Rule, and call it *Liberty*.
 Of Parentage, (for which my Stars I thank)
 Distinguish'd more by *Virtue* than by *Rank*,
 Know if I stretch my wing beyond my nest 25
 'Tis my own feath'ring I must needs protest.
 Grown grave before my time, and fond of sun,
 Ending my race where others have begun,
 Although of stature for the wars unfit
 My Verse has pleas'd a *Statesman* and a *Wit*; 30
 And if, like *HORACE*, I be prone to *Ire*,
 A little Reas'ning soon puts out the fire.

And (for I think I truly may presage
 Some one may ask thee of thy Master's age)
 In my *Nativity* thou shalt be skill'd: 35
 Twelve Months deduct, *Six Lustres* I fulfill'd
 That self-same Day the *Tiger-Cats* of *FRANCE*
 On *Neptune's* back their Standards did advance;—
 That Day when gallant *HOWE* in Thunder spoke,
 And *Jove's* own Light'nings flew from *British-Oak*!

June, 1796.

ODE AGAINST THE FRENCH;

IN REPLY TO AN ODE OF

M. BOILEAU DESPREAUX * "CONTRE LES ANGLOIS, 1636."

A Parody from that Poet.

WHAT desperate Frenzy is't can move
This sacrilegious Crew,
Thus to blaspheme the powers above,
And madly think that patient Jove
Is their Accomplice too?

See! Locust-like they pour their hosts
O'er BELGIUM's flat champaign;
And now their pride consummate boasts
To vent its rage on other coasts,
And lord it o'er the Main.

Rouse, BRITAIN, let thy Lions roar,
Bid Vengeance speed her wings;
'Till, sanguin'd deep with rebel gore,
Thou plead the cause from shore to shore
Of Nations and of Kings.

* Monsieur BOILEAU wrote the ODE alluded to at a Time when the peace of FRANCE was in danger of being destroyed by ENGLISH Usurpers; which is here parodied at a period when at least as mischievous a Band of FRENCH Usurpers menaces the Peace of ENGLAND.

Of-times

Oft-times have GALLIA's perjur'd trains
 Our liquid boundary crost;
 Whilst, Treason lurking in our veins,
 They hop'd to desolate our plains
 And ravage at our cost.

What lengths their malice could advance
 CULLODEN best can tell;
 When Scotia's Sons, debauch'd by FRANCE,
 Her own dominion to enhance,
 Beneath young WILLIAM fell.

December, 1792.



DESCRIPTION OF AN EVENING IN LONDON;

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

THE *Beardless God* now quits the western skies,
 And blushing seeks the couch where *Thetis* lies.
 Now hardly here and there a straggling Spark
 Tells o'er the Trees, and loiters in the *Park*.
 From Garret now the slip-shod *Poet* steals,
 Yet oft-times fancieth *Bailiff* at his heels,
 Who safe at Spunging-house supinely snores,
 Drunk with 'Scape-fees, and maim'd with pocky whores.
 From *Field-lane* now the nimble Youths repair
 In the rich plunder of the Dusk to share, 10
 Oft seen where **DUNSTAN'S** Minstrels catch the rout,
 Or *Charing-cross*, where Monsters are hung out.
 At *White-friars* Carmen seek the neighb'ring Tap,
 Black Porters on their Packs begin to nap, }
 And 'Prentice sneaks to *Quack* to cure—mishap!
 Now Link-boy shrill begins his Evening song,
 Whilst far aloof the Night-man stalks along.
 Sage at *Moor-fields* begins with subtle glass
 To spy out new **PERUS*** in *Luna's* phase.
 The Sexton now resigns the Church-yard-key, 20
 And Doctors raise their Patients—with a fee!
 Females in shoals begin to crowd the *Strand*,
 And moping Watch-man takes his harmless stand.

September, 1788.

* Alluding to fanciful Names given by Astronomers to regions in the Moon.

SAPPHO'S
HYMN TO VENUS

TRANSLATED.

ALL-SUBDUING Queen of Pleasures,
Laughter-loving Child of *Jove*!
Quit, oh! quit these cruel measures,
Nor torment my soul with love.

Come, *O Goddess*, come propitious,
Listen to my warbling lyre;
Once you were not thus malicious,
Stooping from your Father's quire.

Flutt'ring with their purple pinions,
Glancing silver from afar,
Thro' the liquid Air's dominions
Little Sparrows drew your Car,

Quick thro' æther they returning
You, sweet Goddess, fondly staid,
And with smiles rebuk'd my mourning,
Asking why I sought your aid?

- " Whence these wild, fantastic visions
" That usurp my SAPPHO's breast?
" Boldly mocking my decisions
" Where's the *Youth* that breaks thy rest?
" Coldly tho' thy Beauty slighting,
" Soon thy Suppliant he shall prove;
" Tho' he scorn thy gifts inviting,
" He with gifts shall woo thy love."

Once again, great VENUS, stooping
Free me from the bands of care;
Kindly present when I'm drooping
Crown with bliss my burning Prayer!

1783.



ELEGIES, EPITAPHS,

AND

INSCRIPTIONS.



E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, KNT. P. R. A.

OB. 23. FEB. 1792, AT. 69.

AMIDST this pause from every vulgar care,
Each gross desire, irregular, and low,
From passions which the worldly bosom tear,
And pleasures that from recreant senses flow,
Whilst mother Nature, provident for all,
In slumbers sweet seals half this earthly Ball;

And *Cynthia*, slowly riding on her way,
Thro' half her road her silver spokes has driven,
And *Hesperus* declines his west'ring ray
Her harbinger to nether tracts of heaven;
And all is mute in mountain, grove, and dale,
Save Pallas' bird, and Philomela's tale:

Come, ever-pensive, sadly-pleasing Maid,
Sweet MELANCHOLY! lend thy sober wings;
Thee I invoke, and supplicate thine aid,
To poize my Fancy's flights to better things.
Oh! teach my verse with holy pomp to flow,
Thine stately grief and philosophic woe.

For

For sure 'tis *now* if ever verse were due,
 Verse that might sound to far-descending times,
 And praise diffuse as lasting as 'tis true
 To distant regions and to various climes:
 The nobly-gifted for Mankind are born,
 And such let verse in every age adorn.

Yet, REYNOLDS, is it Verse that can advance
 Thy name, or make thy memory more dear?
 Say, can it aught departed worth enhance
 To wreathe a humble garland round a bier?
 Thine *Art* for thee devotes more solid fame
 Than Pyramid can raise, or Verse proclaim.

Yet great the magic powers of skilful song,
 And sweet the numbers that from sorrow flow;
 The Sovereign Lyre full oft hath impulse strong
 To dignify and regulate our woe:
 Our drooping spirits Verse can lift agen,
 And is the language of the Gods to Men.

Himself, belov'd by all the Virgin-train,
 And honour'd oft with many a Muse's lyre,
 Knew well the worth of each melodious strain,
 And felt the flame himself could best inspire:
 For Genius active, subtle, unconfin'd,
 Will glance from art to art, from mind to kindred mind.

What such his *Art*—let *Artists* best explain;
 On that sad, solemn, and lamented day
 Which “dust to native dust” gave back again,
 How heavily mov'd on the black array!

Whilst

Whilst many an orphan'd Artist's bosom strove
With filial sorrow and fraternal love.

What such his social *Worth*—let such evince

As follow'd his dead corse with fruitless sighs;
Sighs that had honour'd a departed Prince—

Sighs from the *good*, the *noble*, and the *wise*;
Thus Merit gives what no vain *Titles* can,
And Virtue 'tis that most ennobles Man.

In equal strains let happier bards rehearse,

Each grace depicted and each sense portray'd,
Eyes that with everlasting brightness pierce,

And Beauty that shall future hearts invade;
Or bid the *Muse* in loftier notes recite
The pencil's epic toils and arduous flight.

Mine be the less presumptuous task to sing

His less renown'd, but yet his better part;
Oh! let my humble *Muse* contract her wings,

And stoop from *Genius* to unveil the Heart;
That precious sphere enrich'd with every grace
That best adorns or dignifies our race!

Pure was his *Life*, unsullied and serene—

Like some fair stream that winds its silver course,
Meand'ring onward with unspotted mien

Whilst envious storms but hiss away their force;
Till its last quiet mazes reach the Sea,
And join the bosom of *Infinity*.

The last sad shock of sickness and disease
 With firmness and with fortitude he bore,
 As Mariners forgive those swelling seas
 Whose billows urge them to their *destin'd* shore;
 Hopeful at last of a more-blissful state,
 Let Man with pious resignation wait.

Best arm'd to live, as best prepar'd to die,
 He welcom'd Death, the goal of earthly strife,
 And, through the vista of Mortality,
 Hail'd the bright dawn of everlasting life:
 No fear was his, no murmur, no complaint,
 Save what became the CHRISTIAN and the Saint.

Admir'd by all he liv'd; thrice dear to those,
 A favour'd few, to whom his heart was given,
 Whose pious tears did fondly interpose
 To keep a Friend from Bliss, a Saint from Heaven:
 Exalted Genius may our wonder move,
 But Virtue only can secure our Love!

March, 1792.



ELEGIAC STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF THE
VICE-MASTER

OF

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WHEN Death arrests the mighty or the bold,
The dreaded Tyrant or destroying Chief,
The Muse's strains too oft are cheaply sold
To woe fictitious and to venal grief.

And yet there are who scorn by frauds to rise,
Who hold the sorrows of the Muses dear,
And only o'er the Innocent or Wise
Will drop a warm and sympathetic Tear.

As when an ancient *Elm* which long has reign'd
The pride and glory of a fair Domain,
And many an Age its empire hath maintain'd,
Stretching its branchy honours o'er the plain ;

What time by some disastrous stroke of *Jove*
It falls, thrice-venerable in its years,
A solemn silence saddens all the Grove,
And all the *Nurs'ry* orphan-like appears ;

Should *These* see calm and much-respected Age
Whose fost'ring care did once protect their way,
Call'd sudden* from Life's transitory stage,
They sorrowing breathe an undissembled Lay.

But chiefly when the Social Virtues join'd
To blend their lustre o'er a gentle Life,
And cloister'd Science form'd a polish'd mind,
“ Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble strife.”

To these perchance should Wilt supply its stores
With *Attic* grace and *Spartan* energy,
Each Muse a double tide of sorrow pours,
And such there *was*, and MEREDITH was He!

Cambridge, Nov. 1789.

* He died of a Stroke of the Palsy.



E P I T A P H,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN, EARL OF BUTE, K.G.

OB. MAR. 10, 1792.

Interdum Vulgus rectum videt; est ubi peccat. Hor.

FAREWELL, illustrious and much-injur'd PEER!
The requiem of the Just attend thy bier!
With too much worth and virtuous pride endued,
No care was thine to court the MULTITUDE,
That restless herd that, like the troubled Sea,
Still fluctuates in contrariety.

Thus ARISTIDES, an illustrious name,
(The Glory of his Country and the Shame)
Stern in his virtues, was pursu'd with hate
By head-strong Faction and a blinded State.
Yet in these days, when tongues tumultuous rail,
And evil thoughts and evil deeds prevail,
Oh! let at least *one* honest MUSE be found
That dares the eulogy of Truth resound!

Unmade

Unmade for Power, unlikely long to rule,
 (Train'd rigidly in virtuous Honour's School)
 Patrician sentiment, and letter'd Sense
 Forbade thee stoop to meanness or pretence.
 Yet did the Spite that banish'd thee from State
 Reveil a soul more exquisitely great:
 Since *Science* crown'd the evening of thy days,
 And *Piety* diffus'd her softest rays;
 Whilst *Patience* want of *Gratitude* supplied,
 And *Conscience* gave what *Ignorance* denied;
 Enough for thee that such as *think* approv'd,
 The *Just* rever'd thee, and thy SOVEREIGN lov'd.

April, 1792.



E P I T A P H

WILLIAM, EARL OF MANSFIELD.

OB. MAR. 20, 1793, ÆT. 89.

MADE to engage all hearts, attract all eyes,
 Delight the witty and instruct the wise;
 With native sweetness to adorn his race,
 Each manly sentiment, each polish'd grace;
 Dear to the Nine, the Muse's better hope,
 And GLO'STER'S* Patron, and the Friend of POPE,
 See MURRAY drop into the silent tomb,
 Prov'd mortal only by the general doom!

Oh! greatly virtuous in a Land ingrate,
 The polish'd Pillar of a sinking State!
 With lips of fire to plead the injur'd cause,
 Correct our judgements, and unravel Laws;
 Whose letter'd sense and subtle wit bespoke
 The soul at once of TULLY and of COKE!
 A Frame in Nature's happiest mould design'd,
 Like a fair casket to the soul inshrin'd,

* DR. WARBURTON.

Which,

Which, spirit-like, ooz'd thro its earthly bound,
 Glow'd thro' each sense, and beam'd a sun-shine round!
 Whose courteous aspect was the counter-part
 And lively image of a pregnant Heart,
 Where spoke at once the Statesman and the Sage,
 And Youth's vivacity, and sense of Age!

Such MURRAY was—his Country's honest pride,
 Belov'd thro' life, regretted when he died!
 Enrich'd with all that length of days can give,
 Or make the *Great Man's* memory to live,
 Without a pang he gently breathes his last,
 Like golden dreams or visions that are past!

So fades the *Amaranth* without decay,
 And in sweet scents exhales itself away.

1795.



EPI-

E P I T A P H

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND AND KINSMAN

THOMAS WILDMAN, ESQ. M. P.

OB. DEC. 21, 1795, ÆT. 57.

TO this sad URN this mournful Day* descends
The best of *Husbands, Parents, and of Friends!*
A Bosom fram'd each generous bliss to prove,
The flame of Friendship, or the sweets of Love;
Gifted to grace each honourable part,
A Princely Spirit and a social Heart;
Warm in his Friend's and in his Country's cause,
That sought no Fame where Conscience gave applause.

A Breast alive to soft Affliction's call,
A Purse that flow'd in bounteous streams to all,
And Heav'n, well-pleas'd to smile upon his store,
Beheld in Him its Steward for the Poor!

No Fortune's minion He, no Great Man's slave,
Pure is the Anguish that attends his Grave;
And the lov'd Bard that drops this heart-felt tear,
Too sadly feels he is *no Poet* here!

Thro' Life's career with native worth He shone,
And brightest where his Splendour was his Own;
With breast erect the path of Honour trod,
And felt in blessing Man he prais'd his God!

December 28, 1795.

* The Day of his Interment at Twickenham, Middlesex.

I.

INSCRIPTION

UNDER

A BUST OF ADDISON.

O ADDISON, to thy lamented dust
 With pious hands I consecrate this *Bust*.
 Oh! grac'd with virgin purity of soul,
 With wit to charm, with morals to controul,
 To gentle MONTAGUE and SOMMERS dear
 Whilst Verse as yet could soothe a Courtier's ear,
 Lo! touch'd by thee with pure Religion's flame,
 Philosophy assumes a loftier aim,
 And better Truths and Mysteries refine
 The Wit of SENECA and ANTONINE!
 Thou great, best Censor of a vicious Age,
 Whose blameless life flow'd gently as thy page,
 Tho' chaste yet courteous, tho' correct yet free,
 Ev'n VIRTUE may admire herself in Thee!

Nov. 1795.

LET
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II.

INSCRIPTION

UNDER

A BUST OF BURKE.

LET Envy hiss and venal Faction rage,
 Still BURKE shall prove the Wonder of the Age!
 The Man that steady to his Trust appears,
 And multiplies his honours with his years,
 Above all low, above all sordid ends,
 True to Himself, the Country, and her Friends;
 Resolv'd in deeds, as noble in his views,
 Thinks what he ought, and what he thinks pursues;
 With eyes *prophetic* sees a Kingdom's fate,
 And is the Wise ULYSSES of the State;
 In Honour spotless, as in Sense refin'd,
 The brightest Fancy with the purest Mind;
 That blest with WIT Jove's Thunders to impart,
 Still more excels in eloquence of Heart;
 With Breast heroic, as with Conscience free,
 Sublim'd and ripe for Immortality,
 Caress'd and reverenc'd by the Good and Wise,
 May well the spite of Ignorance despise.
 Like yon fair ORB that rules the chearful Day,
 No transient storms divert him from his way;
 Tho' Clouds awhile may veil him from our sight,
 He soon beams forth with renovatèd Light.

Dec. 1791.

III.

INSCRIPTION

UNDER

A PICTURE OF FENELON,

ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

WHERE is the *Artist's* skill that shall essay
To trace the lineaments of great CAMBRAY?
Whose happy tints depicture in his face
That beaming spirit which adorn'd his race;
Then breathe into his work that holy fire
Which did the pious Prelate's thoughts inspire?
Warp'd with no errors, fetter'd with no rules,
In judgement clear, though vers'd in all the Schools,
Fraught with VIRGILIAN sweets to ravish all,
Or lift to Heav'n with extacy of PAUL,
Him CHURCHILL * spar'd from fierce Bellona's roar,
As AMMON's SON sweet PINDAR's House before.

1796.

* John Duke of Marlborough.

SON.

SONNETS.



I.

TO

THE EARL OF MANSFIELD,

CHIEF-JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

THRICE venerable PEER ! whose Evening Sun
Has shot such glory as right well may daze
A vulgar Luminary's noon-tide blaze !
Full twice three lustres has old Time begun
With renovated zeal his race to run
Thro' a bright cycle of illustrious rays,
(Each period witnessing increase of praise
And Immortality by merits won)
Since chaste ASTRÆA to thine arm consign'd
The Sword of Justice and the Sovereign Scale,
And noble MURRAY bade the Truth prevail
And triumph o'er a rebel Host combin'd :
With pride the Muse records *that* glorious tale
Which erst sweet POPE's prophetic Soul divin'd.

Cambridge.

II.

II.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

ANTÆAN BURKE! whose brave, undaunted Soul

Recks not the engines of perverted sway,

But free and fearless in the evil day,

Stretching her wing from Indus to the Pole,

Assiduous shields the Liberties of all!

There are (I know) that, like the chatt'ring Jay,

Revile the Eagle tow'ring on his way,

Whose loud career drowns Envy's silly call.

Dear as thou art to every Sister-muse,

The Orator, Philosopher, and Sage,

Form'd to redress and to illumine the Age

And universal harmony diffuse,

Sacred to *Thee* bright Fame adorns her page,

And weaves a Crown of amaranthine hues,

Trin. Coll. Cambr.

Feb. 21, 1789.

III.

III.

THE AUTHOR

TO

H I S L Y R E.

DEAR *Lyre!* companion of my tender spring,
Sweet solacer of many an early woe,
Teaching my lips in measur'd verse to flow
Whilst boyish yet, and all-afraid to sing,
I fled the sound of Pegasus's wing!
If rightly on the Muses we bestow
A prescient knowledge of the Fates below,
Or grateful incense to their fanes we bring;
Ah! say, whence heaves my breast these anxious sighs,
Why softly steals th' involuntary tear?—
Alas! too well I guess the cause, I fear,
It is that *vernal* Youth thus hasty flies,
Ere yet one worthy blossom does appear
To tempt the influence of the *Summer-skies!*

May 11, 1789.

IV.

TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Του Μανασίου.

AS when in JEWRY, or in SYRIAN soil
From wasting temple or time-hallow'd cell,
Each way-worn Pilgrim oft, to speed him well,
Of some rare relick will the ruin spoil,
Serving to chear and to befriend his toil;
So late mus'd we what time our JOHNSON fell,
So lov'd we on his parting words to dwell,
Phylactrick in this dreary Life's turmoil!
With port august and lion-like He stood,
And nobly stem'd a vicious torrent's rage;
Profound our warring passions to assuage,
Prescribe the channel, and direct the flood:
Just as fam'd SOCRATES, as CATO sage,
And canoniz'd with them by all the good!

August 18, 1789.

IV.

TO

MR. MASON, A. M.

PRECENTOR OF YORK.

MASON! harmonious Votary of the Nine,
 Whose sculptur'd Lyre breathes a more honied lay
 Than aught we have of Greek or Roman way;
 Mature alike in verse and days, 'tis thine
 The eve of life on which the Muses shine
 To reach. Old Cam ne'er felt a prouder day
 Than when in concert with a **HURD** and **GRAY**
 He saw thy skill a deathless wreath entwine.
 Alas! 'tis ours to see an *Age of Brass*,
 When tinsel-fooleries suit the public Taste,
 An Age that doth in venom'd spite surpass,
 Mis-judging, envious, petulant, unchaste,
 With scarce one west'ring Star to lend the Mass
 A farewell beam athwart the Stygian waste;

Cambridge, Mar: 1796.

VI.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, KNT.

ON

A PICTURE OF VENUS PAINTED BY HIM.

REYNOLDS! whose magic Art with Nature vies,
Sweet semblance stealing to entrance the mind,
And in ideal chains our hearts to bind,
Whilst from the canvass, clad in orient dyes,
All Beauty's soul-subduing blooms arise!
What though the palm fam'd *Zeuxis* had resign'd,
And great *Apelles*' self been left behind
To fill with love an *Aphrodité*'s eyes;
Yet still most nobly were thy skill employ'd
Thy Country and her matchless Sons to grace;
That, thankful for each sacred Right enjoy'd,
Posterity its glorious Sires may trace:
Thus shall we never live of Virtue void,
Nor envious Time our BRITAIN's fame deface.

Cambridge, May, 1790.

VII.

CERTAIN FRIENDS,
ON THEIR QUITTING
THE UNIVERSITY FOR THE BAR.

FRIENDS of my Youth, dividers of my heart,
Feel ye no soft regret to leave these Groves
Where ling'ring CAM in sweet meanders roves?
Say does no sigh ensue, no sorrow start,
Ere yet with PALLAS and her Owls YE part,
And quit the Porch which Contemplation loves?
Alas! I ween a subtle Syren moves;
(So much doth Nature stoop to craftier Art!)
Fat Briefs, silk Gowns, gilt Maces, Chains and Ermine
The silver-tongued DEMOSTHENES supplant;
Black-letter'd Bracton, Salkeld, Viner, Vermine,
Dry Readings, and Lord Kenyon's fiery rant;
With Chiefs at Nisi Prius fam'd (God wot)
And the Nine Muses yield to Sir JOHN SCOTT.

VIII.

TO THE
COURT OF MIDAS AT CAMBRIDGE*.

Nos numerus sumus, et nati consumere fruges.

HOR.

Our Name is LEGION; and our Power
King HARRY's vine-yard to devour!

CAJOL'D by oily speeches, and so forth,
 I once was weak enough to stoop for fame,
 To a small JUNTO; low, without a name,
 Hating the Muses and ingenuous worth,
 Apollo frowning on each Ass's birth.
 Proceed, *gray Babes*! let Verse be still your game,
 Scout it as worst of libels on your shame,
 And, what Ye can, extirpate it from earth.
 Mistake me not! think Ye that I repine
 Whilst *Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Mason, Gray,*
 And matchless *Dryden*, High-priest of the Nine,
 Did each full oft experience in their day,
 How vain the task their *long-ear'd* Judges to refine,
 Tho' *Orpheus* old had tun'd the moving lay!

CAMB. Oct. 1790.

* The Author wishes these Lines to be understood with exception as to an Individual or two of Talents and of Honour; with strict application as to the rest.

IX.

to

S L E E P:

IN A FIT OF SICKNESS.

O Thou! the kind Physician of our frame,
 Dame Nature's Nurse, oh! whither art thou fled?
 Desert not thou the *Poet's* sickly bed;
 But lengthen yet awhile th' expiring flame,
 Thee I conjure in every Muse's name.
 Hither, oh! hither, be thy pinions sped
 To circle in soft eddies round my head:
 Thine aid, sweet Sleep! both lyre and lyrist claim,
 More soft thy wing than was the downy breast
 Of that deluder, cygnet-seeming Jove,
 Whom *Sparta's Queen* enamour'd; gay thy vest
 As watry *Iris* wears in realms above.
 Like dews of morn thy dripping odours seem;
 Emblem of Life art thou, which is Itself a Dream!

Nov. 28. 1793.

X.

X.

TO

LIBERTY.

O LIBERTY! enlarger of the Soul,
 That flush'd with vigour and ambrosial bloom
 Fill'st the Mind's garden with a rich perfume,
 Bidding in copious streams thy blessings roll
 To cheer the sick and purify the foul;
 Banish'd by Courtiers, shouldst thou hither come,
 Know that a *Poet* finds thee ready room,
 And greets thee well, and quaffs thy dulcet bowl!
 Yet, oh! fair Maid, wear thou thy gentler look:
 Not with those stern, terrific frowns beset
 As scar'd the souls of *Falkland* and *Fayette*;
 But such as *Selden* and Chief-Justice *Coke*
 With manly hearts in open conference met;
 Or such as *Burke* late for his idol took.

Essex, Oct. 21, 1795.

EPIGRAMS.



I.

SAYS Cynic Tom " All Girls are Fools,

" See eighteen marry fifty ;

" The young and generous *Celia* weds

" Old *Davus*, crook'd and thrifty !"

" Pray hold thy prate," cries toper Jack

" And fill us up a full can ;

" Why, did not *Venus*, Beauty's Queen,

" Vouchsafe her hand to *Vulcan*?"

1782.

II.

AS *Kit Cabbage* was taking my Lord a new suit,

With a face pimpled o'er like a Hessian,

He met old *Elixir* as black as a Crow

At the head of a funeral procession ;

" So ! so !" says pert Cross-legs, " good Doctor I see

" That your nostrums leave none in the lurch :

" 'Tis Saturday night, both are carrying work home,

" I to *Fribble's*, and you to the Church."

1782.

III.

STATYLLII FLACCI,

ΕΞ Ανθολογιας.

Χρυσον ατηρ ευρων, ελιπε βροχον· αυταρ ο χρυσον
Ον λιπεν αμ ευρων, ηψεν, ον ευρε, βροχον.

PARAPHRASED IN ANCIENT STYLE.

THOMAS, with noose, wandereth on **Candlemasse**,
Some thynke to hang himself, some, catch his **Mare**;
But by goode starres he meeteth with ryche purge,
And eftsoons fleeth, leavyng halter there:
Anon old **BAIPDS**, myssynge golden hearde,
Taket the hint, puttynge to use the **Corbe**.

Camb. June, 1787.

IV.

NEW SIMILIES.

QUOTH *Dr. Duncce*, like Braziers we
The minds of young Men burnish;
Or, if you please, Upholsterer-like
We *Upper-stories* furnish.

That

(133)

That CAMBRIDGE is a Barber's shop
I think more truly said;
Where every *House* will soon confess
There's many a *Wooden Head*.

Dec. 1791.

V.

TO

A CERTAIN SINGED DOCTOR.

SO!—*Birmingham* has prov'd to You
A Terra del fuego,
And you, by bellowing, plainly shew
That you're no *Abednego*.

Nor, tho' you hector like a Prince
To every by-stander,
Whilst thus you *whine* will you convince
That you're a *Salamander*.

1792.

VI

EPITAPH

ON ONE MASON, A GLUTTON.

HERE lies intrough'd the body of Hog Mason;
No greater Hog, save Oc, the King of Basan!

VII.

VII.

"**ORDER** is Heaven's first Law," says **POPE**;

" *Disorder* is," cries **PAINE**;

How may the ablest Casuist hope

To reconcile the twain?

" I know not how, unless it be,

(Said Mr. Justice Salmon)

" Each hath his different Deity,—

" One God, the other Mammon."

June 29, 1792.

VIII.

'**SQUIRE PHILPOT** is so staunch to Church and King,

With toasts eternal all his glasses ring;

And sure for **BRITAIN** ample zeal has shewn

Who for *her* Constitution kills his own.

August 7, 1793.

IX.

ON

JUDGE ASHHURST'S CHARGE

TO THE GRAND JURY OF MIDDLESEX, 1793.

"**IS** there no *Tie* for these malicious French

" Who murder Men, and who blaspheme the Lord?"

" None," said a reverend **JUSTICE** from the Bench,

" Save the tight-binding of a *hempen-Cord*!"

X.

X.

THAT PAINE should prove an *Infidel*
One *Bishop* thinks is odd ;
As if a Traitor to his *Prince*
Could loyal be to *God*!

1796.

XI.

PARAPHRASE
OF
A LATE DISCUSSION IN PARLIAMENT.

SAYS DICK, " *Mr. Speaker*, I am not contentious,
" But indeed, and indeed the times are licentious ;
" A certain grave person invested with power,
" Doth conceit in six weeks I shall be in the Tower,
" Cheek by jole with the pious and upright *Horne Tooke*,
" *Utopias* to hatch without Candle or Book.
" And this he hath broach'd in full Council of Cits,
" Which hath scar'd our Cabal almost out of their wits ;
" Such terrible threats! — I profess I'd not heed 'em,
" But that I am still a true Lover of Freedom.
" My temper is sweet, from abuse I refrain,
" His Name *grates my tongue, but he wears a *gold Chain*!"

His LORDSHIP, who valued poor DICK not a groat,
Ne'er notic'd his rant, but he doubtless thus thought,
" When cag'd with his MAJESTY's Lions you be,
" Perchance you may wear *your gold Chain*, Sir, like me!"

* Paul Le Mesurier, Lord Mayor of London.

June 10, 1794.

XII.

ON

LUNARDI'S PROJECT

TO

Ascend in his Balloon, at Lancaster,

"I WILL ascend," *Miss Sukey* cries,
" And thro' the clouds and rainbows rise
 " In SIGNOR's Balloon ;
" What care I (if *Lunardi's* by)
" For all the Monsters in the Sky,
 " Or Man that lights the Moon ?"

" In HARRY's days *our* County-witches
" Rode thro' the air on brooms and switches,
 " And fast and easy sat ;
" They had an ugly *Puss* to squall,
" LUNY and I (if that be all)
 " Will have a Civet-Cat."

This said, a PARSON standing by
Began to turn the white o' th' eye,
 And on the Gipsey rivet :
" SIGNOR, a whisper in your ear,
" Trust me for once, You'll have, I fear,
 " The Cat without the *Civet* !"

1785.

XIII.

XIII.

EXTEMPORE

ON

A CERTAIN UPSTART.

A FACE orbicular,
 Body perpendicular,
 Throughout particular,
 Proud Son of a Brick-layer!

Feb. 18, 1790.

XIV.

SAY not that PALLAS on our CAMBRIDGE scowls,
 For tho' the Goddess flees, she leaves her *Owls*.

XV.

THE

GRAND MATCH-MAKER.

SAYS Roger to Dick (as they play'd at Back-gammon)
 " That little Rogue *Cupid* is now a mere *Mammon*.
 " To *Hymen's* dear Temple look out for the Pointer,
 " And straightway you read in gilt Letters—a *Jointure*.
 " If in Heaven of yore each love-contract was prov'd,
 " Sure the Surrogate's Office has long been remov'd.

T

" Dear

“ Dear Dick, ’tis with grief I my sentiments tell,
“ That Weddings are now-a-days patch’d up in Hell.”

“ Prithee silence,” says Dick, “ did not Cupid of old,
“ When he wish’d to make sure, tip his Arrows with gold?
“ Nor had *Jove* got fair *Danae* into his power,
“ Unless he had melted her in a gold-shower;
“ But if, after all, thou dost think with *LE SAGE* *
“ That club-footed Cupids bamboozle the Age,
“ Of Brimstone and Faggots so vast are his stores,
“ No wonder the Devil makes *Matches* by scores!”

Aug. 9, 1794.

* Author of *Le Diable Boiteux*, &c.

XVI.

ON

THE LATE STATE-TRIALS, 1794.

CRIES *Sandy* the zealous, “ pray who could have thought
“ That all this fine Out-cry should end in stark nought?
“ What cracking of jests, and what thrashing of brains,
“ What wasting of froth, and what wasting of pains!
“ But your mighty shrewd Lawyers and long-winded
speeches
“ Still leave an Indictment with loop-holes and breaches.
“ Would *Mr. Attorney* a Jury impanel,
“ And put the same Culprits in quite a new Channel”—
“ No Channel, dear *Sandy*, cried *Dick* can avail
“ Half as much as *St. GEORGE’S* with a brisk Gale!”

DESCRIP-

PROSPECT

DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.

WRIGHT

DESCRIPTIVE POEMS



THE
PROSPECT*.

WRITTEN AUG. 5, 1780, REVISED, WITH ALTERATIONS, AT
A LATER PERIOD.

LET the Wealthy and the Great
Chase the Phantasies of state,
Of Ambition fill the measure,
Or embrace the syren, Pleasure ;
Be it mine to haunt the vale,
And to moralize my tale,
Marking how a sermon grows
On each thorn and blushing rose ;—
Or ascend yon MOUNTAIN's brow
Where the speckled pansies blow.

Still Aurora's rosy hues
Beaming forth from pearly dews,
And the incense-breathing Morn
Follow'd by the echoing horn,
Tempt me up yon sunny Hill
Where wing'd Fancy roams her fill.

* The Station is a Hill in WESTMORELAND.

Now I wind the steep ascent,
 On an arduous task intent.
 The sable Yew invites my feet,
 From fev'rish rays a cool retreat.
 Peeping hills begin to rear
 Pointed heads that pierce the air ;
 Yet behold ! as these aspire
 Others still are jutting higher.
 What painted flow'rs provoke my stay !
 What music melts from every spray !

As I mount the Eminence
 How the Landscape charms the sense !
 Grove, and lawn, and watry scene,
 And the craggy cliff between !
 Heav'n's what's yon that hangs on high
 And seems to tread the ambient sky ? —
 'Tis the trembling, bleating sheep
 Gazing on the glassy deep.
 The startled Peasant lifts his eyes
 Shudd'ring with horror and surprize,
 Climbs the pointed rocks with fear
 (Breakers hurtling in his ear)
 And relieves the fleecy Stranger,
 Careless in the midst of danger.
 So in YOUTH's rash, slipp'ry stage
 We stand in need of riper Age !

Slow I gain the *Mountain's* top,
 And charm'd with Nature here I stop.

The air is hush, save where the swain
 Turns the tann'd hay-cock on the plain ;

Or

Or the distant hamlet-bells
Greet the ear with merry peals;
Or the house-dog bays the vale,
Growling thro' the quiv'ring gale.

Capt with clouds of awful dread
Lo! where FARLTON lifts his head.
Earth-born son of giant-race,
Many an acre spreads thy base!
Rude WHITBARROW yonder tow'rs,
There WARTON's shelvy forehead low'rs.
And where'er I turn my eyes,
Clad with variegated dies,
Mountains of stupendous birth
People thick the groaning Earth.
'Till with wonder as I look
O'er the face of Nature's book,
Lost in visionary dreams
MAN himself an *Atom* seems!

Peeping thro' fantastic shade
Of the quarter'd Yew-tree made,
On a shady, woodland spot
Rises thick full many a Cot,
Round whose breast the Ivy clasps,
And the amorous Woodbine grasps.
Plodding home the Peasant 'spies
From his hearth the smoke arise;
And from Pot and crackling thorn
Oft a dainty scent is borne
Over dale and over heath,
Wafted in a Zephyr's breath,

Whilst

Whilst with thyme and marj'rum sweet
Thestylis doth seethe a treat.

Distant in the bending sphere
 Lo! my *native* Spires appear.
 Visions there of sweet delight
 Feast my bosom day and night!

Still the *Prospect* charms the eye,
 Crowding beauties still pass by.
 Groves, and lawns, and castles gray
 A chequer'd scenery display.
 Stately *Tow'rs*! that whilom rear'd
 Fronts by each Invader fear'd,
 Alas! in ruins now ye are,
 Baleful fruits of *civil war*!
 Your names or sites now scarce are known
 Save by Tradition echoed down.
 Where the frowning Chiefs of yore
 Slept within portculis'd door,
 Musing o'er their crest-fall'n pride
 Now the moping Owls reside!

View yon *Mansion*, neat and plain,
 (Scene of rapture mixt with pain)
 There of late * repos'd the *Sage*
 Guardian of my tender age.
 Best of parents, best of friends,
 Lo! thine earthly journey ends.
 Thine a bosom in whose cell
 All the Virtues went to dwell—

* He died in November, 1779, Aged 78.

*Calm Content, and Peace of Mind,
Temper sweet, and Soul resign'd,
Generous Bliss, and social Love,
And Religion from above !*

As thy well-known haunts appear

Bursts apace the gushing tear.

Spirit, meet with Saints to dwell,

Take, oh ! take this last farewell !

Oft to gaze and think her fill

Contemplation climbs this HILL ;

And within its shady caves,

Lull'd by CAN's deep-rumbling waves,

Dove-ey'd *Sleep* and downy *Rest*

Settle on its mossy breast.



HEYSHAM*.

— THERE is a *Cliff*

With pious honours crown'd, whose pendent head
 O'er-shadows far the envious surge below.
 The Scene beneath that fills the wandering eye
 Most gorgeous, most delightful. Earth, and Air,
 And Heaven itself, and the wide-spreading Sea,
 Contribute each an elemental charm.
 The wavy Deep that murmurs at my feet,
 And chafes the idle pebbles on the Beach,
 Strains my rack'd sight to gaze on; whose circumference
 Exceeds all line of human Wit to fathom,
 A liquid Mirror of unmeasur'd space.

By fits th' Horizon breaks its level line
 With Hills grotesque and of prodigious stature,
 Huge, but not horrid; inaccessible;
 Whether of MONIAN or of CUMBRIAN growth
 Unascertain'd: majestic Sons of Earth!
 That with Titanian fronts would kiss the clouds,
 And once again defy Olympic Jove.
 And ever and anon methinks I spy
 Far in the Western Main an *antique Ruin*
 Emerging from the bosom of the flood:
 I much mistake thee, tho' dismantled now,
 If once unknown to *Simmel**, venturous Youth!
 That would have shov'd great *Tudor* from his throne.

* A Village on the Sea-coast near LANCASTER.

* Simmel, when he invaded England in the reign of Henry VII. landed at
 Pyle-a-foudrey.

See RAPIN's Commentator, &c.

But

But hark ! the Whirl-wind whistles, and 'tis much
 But yon ill-omen'd Birds portend a storm.
 How grand the sense, yet dreadful is the thought
 Of coming Evil ! whilst each pause between
 Is fill'd with barkings of the angry Main ?
 I'll look no more——And yet I must not go :
 Why should I shudder at the face of Nature ?
 The Storm still thickens, and the bounding Surge
 Terrific howls, and fain would make a sop
 Of the opposing beach that curbs its madness !
 A thousand shapes upon my senses steal,
 And ever and anon doth *Fancy* bring
 To the mind's eye some visionary scene
 Of classic, or of legendary lore :
Triton abrupt, that with his sounding conch
 Marshals in meet array the sea-green host
 Of Gods marine ; and *Amphitrite* fair,
 Bright consort to the Trident-bearing King.
 At pauses due I spy the royal groupe, -
 Far off, and fleeting, and much like to shade ;
 Puissant now they ride upon the surge,
 Now sink within its dark concavity.
 And ever and anon (oh ! sight accurst)
 Peeps out a snaky *Mermaid* with her glass,
 Sworn foe to Sea-men's wives. Casks hiv'd with barnacles,
 And stranded Barks that to the dashing waves
 Disclose their riven sides, and screeching Mews
 Responsive to the drowning Sea-man's cries,
 With frightful Imag'ry bestrew the scene !

No more!——Mark thou where in yon azure track
 A rising Cloud its silver lining turns

Progressive to the eye. The Mountain-tops
 With gold and amber dies already gleam,
 Resplendent from afar. Anon the Sun
 Athwart the welkin throws his radiant shafts,
 And calms the troubled air. Anon subsides
 The wild uproar, and all is hush again.

How like to *Man*! that storms awhile and frets
 And with the tide of Passions fills his Nature;
 But when the wild, convulsive swell is o'er,
 Doth sink inert to the same state again!

How chang'd the scene! The rude and boisterous Wave
 That erst aspir'd to dash the Mountain's head,
 Commixing heaven and earth, now plays the lacquey;
 And like a pliant, smooth-tongued *Courtier*
 In many a mood fantastic licks his feet.
 Rank hypocrite art thou! who would have thought
 So smooth a face as *this* could ever frown?

The busy *Hinds*, well-nigh amphibious deem'd,
 Already swarm upon the shelvy beach,
 Mending their nets, or spreading to the sun
 Their finny prey. Much could I moralize
 But Fate forbids. Dear HEYSHAM, fare thee well!
 May Peace and Plenty in thy borders dwell!
 Whose glassy bason and whose sea-girt Greens
 Wake the soft memory of *former* scenes!

Nov. 10, 1794.

LAIN.

LAINDON-HILLS,

IN COM. ESSEX.

DEEP-musing, and on weighty matters bent,
 With mind that broods o'er many a sad event,
 On LAINDON's sunny heights I lay me down
 And abdicate awhile the noisy TOWN.
 Here shifting scenes in gay succession rise, 5
 Soft is the air and clement are the skies ;
 And as mine eyes in sweet amazement rove
 On ev'ry side appears the hand of Jove !
 Rich vales that vie with *Thessaly* of old,
 And pastures cloath'd with vegetable gold. 10
 Here spiry Steeples peep, there circling Mills,
 And Cattle graze upon a thousand Hills.
 Here juts a Steep its lofty head between,
 There waving Woods diversify the Scene ;
 With Castles fam'd in legendary lore 15
 Dimly distinguish'd on the *Kentish* shore.

Exulting like a Giant in his strength
 Lo! where old THAMES draws out his kingly length ;
 Upon whose back tall Barks in triumph ride,
 And swelling scenes adorn his portly side : 20
 Here

Here a thick Forest moors of floating trees,
 There whitening Skiffs come dancing to the Seas.
 With kindling eyes his progress I explore
 From proud AUGUSTA to the yawning NORE,
 Where rival shores abut full many a rood, 25
 And stretch their arms into the roaring flood.
 The MEDWAY yonder to the Ocean hies,
 Of noble race, although of humbler size,
 That vainly with the THAMES, his great Associate, vies. }

Imagination thus on tow'ring wings
 Vainly essays to trace the forms of things;
 With hasty flight swift as a sun-beam scours
 O'er fat'ning glebe, hills, vales, and beetling tow'rs;
 'Till the eye traverse to the spreading Sea,
 Absorb'd and swallow'd by *Infinity*!

April, 1796.



SACRED POEMS.



A HYMN

FOR

A PUBLIC CHARITY;

SET TO MUSIC, AND PERFORMED AT ST. MARY'S, LANCASTER,

SEPTEMBER 12, 1790.

WHEN first our common Parent, EARTH,
Burst from the womb of Night to birth
And kindled into Life;
'Twas LOVE that brooded o'er the deep,
And bade the docile CHAOS sleep
From elemental strife.

When melting at our guilty woes,
The CHRISTIAN LEGISLATOR rose
To ope the Gates of Grace:
'Twas LOVE resum'd the glowing theme,
Celestial LOVE! whose quick'ning beam
Reviv'd a sinking Race.

When HEAVEN a Mirror shines in Man
How god-like is the bounteous plan
That Image to reflect;
To heal Affliction's broken Heart,
The fost'ring balm of Truth impart,
And save from cold neglect!

O fairest of the CHRISTIAN CHOIR!
Divinest Offspring of thy Sire!

Whilst each exalted sense
Swells in our Hearts the rapturous lay,
How shall our trembling Lips essay
To hymn thine Influence!

And YOU! our Patrons and our Friends!
Whose pious Bounty thus descends
To bless the INFANT POOR;
Oh! may your grateful *Alms* arise,
Like hallow'd Incense, to the Skies
To multiply your store.

And when terrestrial Joys decay,
When Life's gay visions fade away,
And when for Peace you sue;
May HEAVEN, to pay the Debt we owe,
That MERCY which to Us you shew,
That MERCY shew to YOU!

CHORUS.

To HIM who reigns enthron'd above,
The God of Faith, of Hope, of Love,
Whose Altar Earth, Sea, Skies;
One Chorus let all Beings raise,
All Nature's Bounds repeat his praise,
Creation's Incense rise!

1789.

A HYMN

A HYMN

FOR

A PUBLIC CHARITY;

SET TO MUSIC, AND PERFORMED AT ST. MARY'S, LANCASTER,
SEPTEMBER 13, 1795.

SOFT is the mild, ethereal shower
That paints with rosy health the Flower,
Beyond the tints of Art;
Yet shall the Tear in Pity's eye,
The milky dew of CHARITY,
A softer sense impart.

Sweet is the feather'd Minstrel's throat
That pours to Heaven its matin note
And hails the new-born Day;
Yet sweeter still the joyful song
That issues from an INFANT's tongue
In many a grateful lay.

Oh! for a portion of that fire
Which did the Hebrew Bard * inspire
With more than human zeal;
That our accordant lips might raise
That tribute of enraptur'd praise
Our Hearts alone can feel.

* Isaiah vi. 6.

Yet not to darkling Man be given
 The high Prerogative of Heaven—
 Know that 'tis GOD's behest,
 Know that 'tis he transmits the ray,
 From regions of eternal Day
 Which thus inflames your breast.

O come with Us his Mercies tell,
 With Us the pealing Anthem swell,
 And burn with holy fire!
 'Till, fill'd with all a Seraph's love,
 Ye join the *shining throng* above
 In full, symphonious choir.

CHORUS.

To GOD, from whom all blessings flow,
 Shower'd on this Earthly Globe below,
 Heaven's great and tri-une King;
 To HIM, alone to be ador'd,
 Let Heaven's high Vault in one accord
 With hallelujahs ring!



A HYMN
CHRISTMAS-DAY;

DESIGNED FOR MUSIC.

I.

HAIL to this bright, this happy Morn!
Ye Harps, strike up the lay!
For know the Son of God was born
On this auspicious Day!
Exalt thy festive song, O Earth!
Ye Mountains, greet the Monarch's birth!
With joy and gladness let the Vallies ring,
And jocund Nature hail the Universal King.

II.

He comes, he comes, the promis'd Child,
With healing in his wings;
His power how vast! his sway how mild!
O praise the King of Kings!
He comes the Serpent's head to bruise,
O spread abroad the happy news!
Ye Maids of Salem, haste your Lord to meet,
And thou, O Judah, pour thy treasures at his feet.

O Be-

III.

O *Bethlehem!* in thy lowly lap,
 The SAVIOUR lays his head;
 With care his precious limbs enwrap,
 And watch his sainted bed!
 Ye wand'ring Shepherds! hither come,
 Bring hither, Kings! your choice perfume:
 See a bright Orb its golden lustre shed,
 And beam a lambent glory round the *Infant's* head!

IV.

Aghast and baffled at the sight
 The King of Terrors lies,
 Whilst to his kindred shades of Night
 The fell Red Dragon flies;
 The King of Glory shall dispell
 The soul-benighting glooms of Hell!
 Ye star-pavillion'd Thrones, ye radiant Spheres,
 Know that to-day on Earth a *God, a God* appears!

V.

But hark!—from yonder cleaving skies
 What Music greets my ear!
 What streams of glory feast my eyes!—
 'Tis ANGELS that appear!
 On *Sion's* Mount I hear the Throng
 Divide with Me the choral song
 "To God on high all glory be assign'd,
 "On Earth henceforth be peace, good-will to all Mankind!"

To

To thee, O MAN, *this Morn* is given,
 The day-spring of eternal Joy;
 For lo! the golden keys of Heaven
 Are borne by this immortal Boy.
 Ye Nations all, glad homage pay,
 Welcome! oh welcome be this day!
 Let Earth and Heaven in unison rejoice,
 And Men and Angels join the solemn *Organ's* voice!
 Hallelujah!

October, 1795.



A HYMN ON EASTER-DAY.

I.

DAUGHTER of JUDAH, hast thou been
A sad Spectator of the Scene
On CALVARY's fatal steep?
Such piteous sights, such anguish sore,
These eyes did ne'er behold before —
The Earth did quake and weep!
Yet Yesterday she seem'd intent
As pregnant with some vast event;
Two dismal Nights hath mourn'd her absent LORD,
This Morn he promis'd her to be restor'd :

II.

Nor vainly promis'd——lo! the CHIEF—
Daughter of Judah, cease thy grief,
Thy martyr'd LORD appears!
Refulgent with celestial love,
He hastes thine anguish to remove
And dissipate thy tears.
Forth from the caverns of the Dead.
Ev'n now the Son of Man is fled;
Nor can a mould'ring Sepulchre's abode
Prison the Spirit of the Living God.

III.

See Angels post the news to tell!
Cleft are the pond'rous jaws of Hell—
Burst is the rocky Tomb—

Wrench'd

Wrench'd from his iron grasp the Sting,
 See prostrate gasp the *grisly King*,
 Submissive to his doom!
 Fast bound in adamantine chains
 Proud LUCIFER shall taste new pains;
 Wild thro' Hell's bounds new Phantoms take their course,
 Pale *Shame*, and bitter *Fear*, and keen *Remorse*.

IV.

Lo! from the chambers of the East,
 Lusty as from his nuptial feast,
 Comes the rejoicing SUN:
 The Earth a brighter livery wears,
 And hark!—amidst yon heav'nly spheres
 The Triumph hath begun.
 With shouts of joy Heaven's ceilings ring,
 "All hail to Thee, victorious King!
 "For matchless prowess be thine Arm renown'd,
 "And in the FATHER's Courts the SON be crown'd!"

V.

Slow marching up yon orient sphere
 Behold a glorious Host appear!—
 Confessors they, and Saints—
 These, when their Captain leads the way,
 Thro' ranks of Death his Cross display
 With zeal that never faints.—
 Their perils past, seraphic Quires
 Welcome the Warriors with their lyres;
 Wide fly the portals of eternal Peace,
 And Heaven rejoices in its own increase!

Nov. 1795.

THE

THE
EIGHTH PSALM PARAPHRASED.

O LORD our Governor, how does thy Name
Transcendant rise above this worldly Frame !
Ev'n Infant-lips, ordain'd with strength to sing,
Laud thee their God, their Everlasting King,
Whilst hoary Sinners gaze upon their zeal, 5
Themselves contemplate and their folly feel.

When I behold the shining Host of Light
That spangle o'er the sable pall of Night,
The peerless *Moon* that leads the solemn Choir,
And *Stars* that burn with ever-living fire, 10
(Celestial Troops that move in mystic dance,
A bright array too regular for *Chance*!)
Alas ! (say I) why should th' ALMIGHTY shew
Such bounteous kindness to vile *Man* below ?
Thou rankest him next the Angelic Host 15
To shew thy goodness and his honour most ;
For Angels, tho' they move in loftier sphere,
Leave *Man* the Paramount and Umpire here.
Lord of the Hills, the Vallies, and the Plains,
With conscious pride *the noble Creature* reigns. 20
In Earth, in Air, and thro' the spacious Sea
His Subjects hear and reverence his Decree.
O LORD our Governor, how does thy Name
Transcendant rise above this worldly Frame !

Aug. 26, 1792.

MIS-

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

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AN
S P R I N G.

WELCOME, kind SPRING, that deck'st the Fields
With variegated Flow'rs ;
Whilst each gay Mead new beauties yields
How sweetly steal the hours !

Freed from the chains of torpid Frost
(Grave WINTER's hoary pride)
In many a crisp meander lost
The murm'ring rivers glide.

The shooting Plants with leafy heads,
And blooms of fragrant scent,
Bespangle o'er th' enamel'd meads,
Or paint the Peasant's tent.

The warbling Songsters tune their notes
On every verdant spray ;
The sportive Lambkins and the Goats
Frisk in the sunny day.

All Nature's charms seem fresh disclos'd
And open to the eye ;
The sky's serene, the wind's repos'd
And buzzing insects fly.

The

The glist'ning dew reflect the Sun,
And, with prolific juice,
Softens each embryo e'er begun,
And timely milk infuse.

No more rough Boreas sweeps the plain,
Each Swain his fire-side spurns ;
The Zephyrs fan the azure main,
And genial Spring returns !

April, 1780.

Written at Fourteen.



A S

A SIMILE.

A PEACOCK deck'd in tawdry state
Display'd its charms with formal gait,

Its mooned tail and wings;

A Crow perchance was passing by,

"Vile Creature, from my presence fly,

"I hate such sooty things."

The Crow reserv'd her taunts awhile,

And modestly repress'd her bile,

Nor answer'd e'er a word,

'Till stripp'd of all on *moulting-day*,

"Thy crescent plumage now display,

"Poor foolish, shiv'ring Bird!"

Thus have I seen a scornful Belle,

With strong attraction *in her tail*,

From Boarding-school repair

To Park, Play, Opera, or to Rout,

The Indies set her beauty out,

The Angel floats in Air.

In doleful hour comes the *Small-pox*,

Adieu to rouge, cosmetic Box,

Oh! past relief undone;

Her pride is flown, her prudery dead,

She once more deigns on Earth to tread,

Nor soars above the Sun!

CONSCIENCE.

WHENCE is this **JUDGE**, that lurks in ev'ry breast,
That breaks thro' golden chains, the purple vest,
And sinks the conscious mind, or cheers the poor distress?

The guilty Wand'rer, stung with fest'ring smart
In vain attempts to draw the barbed Dart
It preys, it gnaws, corrodes, and rankles in his Heart.

In vain the wretch pursues the purling rill—
Or, self-tormented, treads the purpled hill—
The restless Vulture tears and gnaws his vitals still.

But far, far distant from the pious Man
Fly rankling fear, and terrors ever wan,
Sharp-visag'd, comfortless despair, and eating pain.

His hours are mild and gently steal away,
Illum'd, and gilded by the glimm'ring ray,
'Till the Sky clears anon, and ushers *endless day*.

Then who'd delay the big, decisive voice,
Since either Pain or Pleasure is his choice;
Or Doom to die in flames, or ever to rejoice!

SONG

ON DELIA SLEEPING.

SLEEP on in peace, my lovely Fair,
 Nor let thy gentle breast
 E'er doubt thine anxious CYNTHIO's care
 To guard thy hallow'd rest.

Be your's the charge, ye Genii mild,
 To ope the scented flowers,
 And with aerial Music wild
 To fill these arching bowers;

Whilst busy Sylphs their magic skill
 Shall prove upon her eyes,
 And on her purple cheek shall steal
 The lustre of the skies.

So may no Sprite in evil hour
 My Delia's peace annoy,
 But ev'ry flying moment pour
 A golden tide of joy;

'Till lightly from the startled Maid
 The painted Vision move,
 And once again she shine, array'd
 In Innocence and Love.

Camb. 1787.

(170)

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN

WYNNE'S ABRIDGEMENT OF LOCKE.

LOCKE's mighty Soul
From Pole to Pole
Metes the expanse of Heaven ;
WYNNE is a Reservoir below
Whose face collects th' ethereal glow,
Each object stronger given. 1785

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF MINE FORMERLY BELONGING TO

THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

COME hither, Book, and bring with Thee
Wit, and Jest, and Repartee ;
Thine must surely be the gift,
Housing once with DR. SWIFT.
Couldst thou indeed, indeed infuse
One spark of his immortal Muse,
Oh ! could thy leaves transfer that Spirit
Their former Master did inherit,
Nor FEARNE* nor HOUSON* could convey
A goodlier Estate than they.
Rich in a vein of choicest Poesies,
I'd bless the boon Metempsychosis ;
St. Patrick's Dean thro' Me should pass,
A Convert to Pythagoras !

* Eminent Conveyancers in London.

SYPHAX,

SYPHAX,

A CHARACTER.

LORD SYPHAX, people said, had Wit,
 Yet foolish was in using it ;
 In eloquence was deeply vers'd
 Yet said what seldom was rehears'd ;
 Sleek as a Serpent's skin his Tongue,
 Yet mainly exercis'd i'th' wrong ;
 To brilliant Talents had pretence,
 Yet no man envied him his sense ;
 Was partizan of Democrats,
 Yet fond of Lordlings, and State-Rats ; 10
 Made vulgar fame his chief pursuit,
 Yet claim'd a *Marquisate* to boot ;
 Was ever open in debate,
 Yet a dark-lanthorn in the State ;
 A Tory in, a Whig when out,
 Yet still his Counsels came to nought ;
 Was advocate for moderation,
 Yet veriest Tyrant in his station ;
 Unable was to hold the Rudder,
 Yet storm'd and rav'd at ev'ry other ; 20
 Dislik'd *Charles Fox*, fell out with *Pitt*,
 Yet was himself the most unfit ;
 When things went worst, hop'd they might mend,
 Yet seldom stood the Poor Man's Friend ;

Had Men of Letters at his Table,
 Yet left them Beggars' * dogs i'th' fable;
 His logic still two handles had,
 Yet his quaint humour choos'd the bad;
 In Metaphysics voyag'd much,
 Yet but at distant ports did touch;
 Mix'd Politicks with his Religion,
 Yet was in both the arrant'st Phrygian;
 Still seem'd to take the Synod's part,
 Yet was a Jesuit at heart;
 So like a Maggot frisk'd about,
 One scarcely knew him Tail from Snout.
 Thus Proteus-like the *outward* Man,
 Paint me the *inward*, if you can.

39

Aug. 15, 1793.

¶ A Courtier's Dependent is a Beggar's Dog,

Æsop. Fab.



A DIA-

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A Doctor of Laws, and an Anglo-American Ex-Secretary.

Dr. P. THOMAS! hast seen this PROCLAMATION
That makes such uproar in the Nation?

T. P. Seen it! — nay, Doctor, do not laugh —
I've seen and curs'd each paragraph;
And every word, and every thought,
Would it were down DUNDAS's throat!

Dr. P. I blame thee not for so much ire,
Nor marvel at thy catching fire.
For men like thee inflam'd with zeal
How best to serve the public Weal
(Doubtless by Providence design'd
To be the watch-lights of Mankind)
May well, I do confess, prove dudgeon'd
That a whole Nation should be gudgeon'd,
And swallow Slavery with free will,
More like a Sugar-plumb than Pill —
I'm speaking of these vile *Addresses*.

T. P. Do you believe what each professes?
If so, 'tis ten times worst of all,
And the worst falling could befall.

10

20

If

If so, farewell to all our hopes,
 Our golden dreams will end in ropes,
 And all the projects we've been brewing
 Will end in our own proper ruin.
 Therefore, adieu! says *Thomas Paine*,
 I'll back to Mass'chuset's again.

Dr. P. Oh! say not so, that were indeed
 With desperation to proceed;
 Thou know'st before a Patriot burns
 He has a thousand twists and turns;
 Adversity but sharps his senses
 To cut and carve out new pretences,
 Will make his understanding keen
 And give more venom to his spleen——
 Besides, we still have many friends
 To cherish and promote our ends.

T. P. Friends!—may the devil take the best,
 Such hollow friendship is a jest!
 What such their friendship learn from me,
 The Bully stout of Liberty.
 Is there a 'Prentice in the Town
 To whom my sufferings are not known?
 Or point me out one Peruquier
 That does not curl his nose and sneer,
 Whilst busy Scandal tells the story
 That tickles every scoundrel-Tory,
 How I, who to the Rights of Man
 Pot-valiant oft had fill'd my Can,
 And eke my grey-goose quill had drawn
 (Which prudence would have let alone)
 'Gainst Tyrant-kings and haughty Peers,
 At hazard both of neck and ears

(Railing

(Railing like Saracen or Turk
 At Church, and King, and *Edmund Burke*)
 Was sconc'd for debt, and made to go
 To *Wood-street*, whether aye or no:
 Where in vile Spunging-house I lay,
 Too safely ey'd to steal away?
 The Debt was but Two Hundred Pound
 Yet not one friendly Bail was found. 60
 Whilst all the world cried out 'twas beastly
 In gentle Tooke and you, friend P****L*Y.
 Yet wherein better'd was my diet
 Whether ye restless were or quiet?
 Whether ye gain'd your ends or not,
 Had I not still my Porter-pot?
 Though Whigs should whine and Tories laugh,
 A groat, and I'd my Usquebaugh!
 What was't to me who rul'd the Roast?
 A change of Mutton at the most; 70
 Instead of Neck, perchance a Shoulder,
 With Vinegar a fortnight older.
 Oh! would that I had been a wise man,
 And still continued an Exciseman.

Dr. P. *Thomas!*—that thou wilt break my heart,
 I plainly see before we part.

'Tis clear the less thou hast at stake
 The stauncher Patriot thou wilt make;
 For Int'rest will hood-wink the Mind
 And make grave politicians blind. 80
 They that have acres, lands, and manors,
 Will range them under other banners;
 For a true Patriot's zeal you spoil
 When once he has an inch of soil.

Besides,

Besides, canst say that thou alone
 Thy patriotic zeal hast shewn?
 What such my generous suff'rings are
 Let brazen *Birmingham* declare,
 Where a mad Mob, inflam'd with ire,
 Unkennel'd me with clubs and fire. 98
 Nay, those same Tory dogs that bait us,
 Demolish'd all my apparatus,
 The loss of which *Charles Fox* regretted,
 And said that Ministers abetted.
 Tho' I can't think it is deducible
 That Treason lodg'd within a Crucible,
 Or that electrical Machine
 Hath a disloyal subject been,
 And judge it hard a *Leyden-phial*
 Should suffer death without a trial, 100
 And stand convicted for a Mute
 Without one question being put to't,
 (Against the common Law o'th' Land
 If my *Lord Coke* I understand)
 Yet, suffering in the good old Cause
 To pull down Hierarchies and Laws,
 And break each fence and barrier down
 Between the People and the Crown,
 And lead the mad-cap Mob a dance
 As friend *CONDORCET* does in France, 110
 (Where common sense, like common whore,
 Is kick'd full fairly out of Door,
 And each brave Patriot's post so warm is
 He eats soup-meagre *in & armis*,
 Lopping off limbs with fierce brutality,
PROCRUSTES-like to make *Equality*;

And

And stripping every Church and Shrine
Compels St. DENYS to resign
His mitre, rochet, and his crosier
To grace a *Brewer* or a *Hosier*)

120

The Man of Uz ne'er bore his trial
With stronger proofs of Self-denial.
Say, didst thou know me to repine,
Or, when I could not help me, whine?
Oh! no, no, no, then fret no more,
But shew thy Talent as before.

T. P. Such eloquence exceedeth mine

As Whisky is excell'd by Wine.

Therefore again * I'll fall a brewing,

Till all mankind be set a spewing,

130

And Rights of Man, and Noise, and Nonsense,

Purge every stomach of a conscience;

And common sense and common reason

Leave empty space for lies and treason.

But stop—I heard the clock strike *One*,

The Liquor's out, and I'll begone.

Dr. P. Thy phrases are exceeding coarse,

And I am tir'd and very hoarse;

So, as I see thou'st drain'd the Pot,

Pray ring the Bell, and pay the Shot.

140

Duet. Each to his Task, much must be done,

Or better we had ne'er begun.

* As He soon after did in his Second Part of the *Rights of Man*, to the cost
of himself and his Disciples.

(1781)

THE
CONTENTED PARSON.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

METHINKS I see you in your Living
Directions to your *Sexton* giving
How best to crop the Church-yard Yews;
Or laying plans for widening Pews;
Or beautifying nooks and angles
Where spider-web in triumph dangles;
Or wiping dust from Cherub-faces
Which some fair Monument disgraces;
And putting things in proper places.
Or busy at your Poultry-pens
Attending on the Cocks and Hens;
Or list'ning to your *Barber's* prate
Who augurs mischief to the State,
And is in miserable fret
For fear Old England's sun is set,
Or with your *Clerk* discussing news
Of Parish-rates and Easter-dues;
Who marries next, and whether Lent
In fleshly abstinence is spent;
Or whether folk begin to whine
At keeping so long Quarantine?

And whether Surplice-fees or Fashion
 Most tantalize a Lover's passion?
 Whose Sow hath farrow'd last, and when
 The Bull will earn his meat agen?
 Which is the best at Anthem-singing,
 And which excelleth most in Ringing?
 Which the most dext'rous Wight i 'th' Village
 At hedging, ditching, and at tillage,
 And which a hen-roost said to pillage?
 Whilst you declare that such purloining
 Is next to clipping and to coining.

Or, when the Sabbath-day draws near,
 To save your Cassock from a sneer,
 With spirits light and aspect ruddy
 With much ado you get to study;
 Striving with penetrating brain
 To split an Attribute in twain.
 Selecting, nibbling, culling, slicing,
 (And ev'ry morçeau wondrous nice in)
 From Bishops *Herring*, *Bull*, or *Hare*,
 Or making nose-gays out of *Blair*,
 To make the gaping audience stare.
 Looking as bluff as whisker'd German
 Should any sleep whilst you're at Sermon;
 Or travel tow'rd the Land of Nod
 Before they have been gospel-shod.
 Your Study fill'd with aged Books,
 And dead Divines with stupid looks,
 Hung o'er their labours in a row
 To make an emblematic show.
 With scraps of Science brought from Collège,
 And shortest cuts to get at knowledge;

Mouse-eaten remnants of Theology,
 Dry Ethics, round-about Tautology,
 And wooden Books for "*an Apology*."
 A cover figur'd with RAPIN,
 Dice-box and Gammon-men within;
 Gilt case for Cribbage-board instead
 Of *Euclid* and of *Archimed*;
 Kings, Knights, and Bishops in a quarter
 You thought to meet with *Justin Martyr*;
 Or a Scrutoire, compact and fine,
 Where one expected Songs divine.
Watts and *Dumouire* stitch'd together,
 With Almanacks that tell the weather,
 Sure-sighted as the Witch of Endor
 When Pope shall die and when Pretender.
 Visions of Partridge and of Moore,
 With lies predicted ten times o'er:
 A stock of astrologic cant
 Under what sign to dig and plant;
 Seeing the Stars in such like cases
 (If Men could only read their faces)
 Have ever taken kind concern,
 Though common folk can never learn.
 Nay, if you would curtail a Tup
 First you must know where *SOL* puts up;
 Whether he house him at the Bull*,
 Or Naked Boys†, if that prove full.
 And yet, in honesty and faith,
 (As ev'ry Hind i'th' Parish saith)
 It scarce becometh a Divine
 Himself to geld his Sheep and Swine,

* *Taurus* and † *Gemini*, Signs of the Zodiack.

As Parson heretofore—(but I
 In silence pass the Story by;
 Since 'tis a feat not most befitting
 For grave Divines to shew their wit in.)

And now and then a welcome feast,
 (Such as beseebeth courteous Priest) 90
 To 'Squire, Man-midwife, half-pay Major,
 Church-warden, Curate, and the Gauger;
 With others of your Parish-quality,
 Partakers of your hospitality.
 Mark but the dishes rang'd before 'em!
 How trim! how neat! and what decorum?
 Then Grace—and each man takes his seat—
 And then—"you're sorry for the Treat!"
 But one and all the guests declare
 "They never wish for better fare!" 100
 How good their Host they all protest,
 And the last dish is still the best!
 And then, the Table-cloth being gone,
 Come plumbs and pears,—Desert there's none.
 Then Church and King in order pass,
 And each man chuckleth o'er his glass,
 And full decanters joys inspire
 Whilst Roger brightens up the fire.
 And then the Ladies take their wine,
 And all pronounce it mighty fine. 110
 Then bye and bye they leave their chairs,
 And decently retire in pairs,
 With fifty ceremonious airs.
 And then commenceth Wit and Joke,
 And Repartee without a cloak,

And

And Freedom such as ne'er offends,
 And Raillery bestow'd on Friends.
 (For when men's appetites are gone
 Then Humour entereth in anon.
 For Hunger and your Humour terse 120
 Vary in ratio styl'd inverse;
 A proposition clear to *Bacon*,
 And *Scotus* too, or I'm mistaken;
 Nay, since the days of *Aristotle*,
 'Tis held there's meaning in a Bottle:
 A subject of material knowledge,
 Yet known to every Soph at College,
 Who learns to ape the Heads of Houses,
 And, if need be, supply their Spouses,
 Who long their *Good Men* to adorn 130
 With branches of connubial Horn,
 Taking for fruit of their own loins
 The Likeness that another coins.)
 Yet ev'ry guest would be right loth
 To hint one thought against *the Cloth*;
 Tho' many a gibe and pun goes round,
 Which serves to tickle, but not wound;
 And such like harmless chat and gaiety
 As Church-men may partake with Laity.

How blest the Man who thus content, 140
 On banks of *Lune*, or banks of *Trent*,
 In scenes of rapture spends his life,
 With, or without a prattling Wife!
 (For I, who never broach a Fib,
 Do not approve of ev'ry Rib;

Some

Some to my taste being much too fickle,
 Some crook'd and cross-grain'd as a sickle,
 And others, right or wrong, will stickle ;)
 But (as I said) this Priest is blest
 Of little or of much possess'd ;
 To all his honest Neighbours dear,
 Both for his Doctrine and his Chear ;
 Who never sets his heart on pelf,
 But draws his pleasures from himself ;
 Who covets neither Stall nor Throne,
 But wishes to be let alone,
 Chimes sweeter than his Parish-Steeple,
 And shakes his head at greater People ;
 Sees all his prospects from his door
 Nor envies Lambeth's Spires to Moore ;
 But eats, and drinks, and goes to Bed,
 Whene'er it comes into his head ;
 And would not wish his Platter brighter,
 Nor 'change his *Beaver* for a *Mitre* !

150

160

1793.



THE

THE DISCONTENTED PARSON.

ROUGH and raw-bon'd from Yorkshire Woulds,
 From Plough-tail and from Pasture-folds,
 A Lad there was sent up to College
 To get a Fellowship and——Knowledge.
 His Tutor claps him on the back,
 And points him out the beaten track
 By which himself and many a score
 Have risen into note before.
 But adds “ You rascal! if you stray
 “ One inch out of the turn-pike way,
 “ Or dare dispute our common hall—
 “ The worst of mischiefs must befall.”

Behold him now with Cap and Gown!
 He soon assumes scholastic frown,
 Is told that two and two make four
 And wise enough to ask no more,
 But Reason has to thank kind Fate
 That crusts with Apathy his pate.
 (For old *Prometheus*, writers say,
 When first he quicken'd human Clay

Did form the mathematic-brain
 Of Staffordshire, not Porcelain,
 From morn to night he never flags,
 But wears poor *Euclid* into rags,
 Breaks *Waring's* and *Maclaurin's* head,
 And boxes with old *Archimed.*
 By Hydrostatics makes his tea,
 And solves a problem in bohea;
 Of Sugar loaves makes Conic Sections,
 And Geographical Projections,
 (Whether in Solids or Aquatics,
 Impinging still on Mathematics)
 Divides his Roll by sines and arcs,
 And gravely cons his Butter-marks,
 Which serve with little variation
 For Algebraical Equation;
 Grows deeply vers'd in all the rules
 And is the Bug-bear of the Schools;
 To Truths the most intuitive
 A Demonstration he will give,
 And learns by Problem and by Theorem
 To dive for facts, yet not get near 'em;
 With major, minor, and conclusion
 Puts each opponent to confusion,
 Disputes with spiders in bare walls,
 And thrice declaims to empty halls.
 But like a Squirrel in his cage
 The more he strives to disengage
 His foot-steps from contracted wire
 And toils and labours to get higher,
 The leaden mixture in his brain
 Still pulls him headlong down again.

30

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Like *Folly* with her Cap and Bells
 His progress but his dulness tells;
 Still fated to the self-same round
 Whether he rise or sink profound!
 'Till qualify'd by Arts like these
 Our Scholar takes his due degrees,
 And gets a Fellowship with ease.

55

}

Behold him now another Creature,
 Majestic Dulness in each feature!
 With solemn step and portly grin,
 Brush wig, slash'd sleeve, and double-chin,
 At Dinner-bell's delightful call
 Like pendulum he swings to Hall.
 Where if my Lord vouchsafe a treat
 And kindly bid good Fellows eat,
 He ready stands to taste the venison
 And give aloud the College-benison;
 Yet never mixes in debate
 Until he thrice has clear'd his Plate.
 When all to Common-Room resort
 Gratis to quaff the Steward's Port,
 With wattles red as Turkey-cock's
 He leaves your *Newtons* and your *Lockes*,
 And much prefers the other bottle
 To the dry moods of *Aristotle*;
 Admires the dulness of some folks,
 And shakes his sides at smutty jokes,
 Demurely smokes his pipe and prates,
 And fills his Can with *Low* and *Yea*!

60

70

80

Yet say, oh! mighty Goddess, say,
 What wicked Elf leads Man astray;

On

On learned Heads plants Asses' Ears,
 And bids 'em quit their proper spheres!
 Would that I could the cause explain
 For now beginneth Tragic strain.

Ætatis suæ Forty-nine

Our Doctor 'spy'd a Nymph divine, 90
 And took it straight into his head
 That he would change his life and—wed:
 'Twas true he wish'd her at the Bed:
 Because she was below his level;
 But yet the question fairly put,
 Altho' she were a simple slut,
 He argued that he might at leisure
 The better mould her to his pleasure.
 Besides her living she could earn,
 Could brew, and bake, and cook, and churn, 100
 Was ruddy, vigorous, in rude health,
 And only knew a kiss by stealth;
 And if she did not roll in riches
 Might serve to mend his velvet breeches,
 In short this logic did prevail
 Tho' her Estate was all in Tail.
 A College-living too fell out,
 The very thing he could have sought,
 Which netted, of incumbrance clear,
 About Two Hundred Pounds a Year. 110

• First fruits and tenths all duly paid,
 And oath of abjuration made,
 His plagues and all his perils past
 Behold him *Vicar* dubb'd at last.

Basking and fat'ning at his ease
 He dreams of nought but tithes and fees;
 Knows when to brew his Cowslip-Wine,
 Learns how to geld both Sheep and Swine,
 And stickles hard for Right Divine. }

But soon, alas! his golden vision
 Ends in vexation and derision.
 His *Living* he can scarcely say
 Is his a Twelve-month and a day,
 Before the Farmers are combin'd
 To cheat him of his Tythe in kind.
 He flies to Chanc'ry for relief,
 And drains his purse to back his brief;
 Grows poor with supplemental Bills,
 And swallows many bitter pills: 130
 At length when all proceedings stop
 The Lawyers only house the Crop.
 To sum up all, his dearest Spouse
 Is seldom found within the house,
 But leaves the hopes of all the dairy
 To *Colin Clout* and love-sick *Mary*,
 Whilst she with *younger* friends is set
 Either at Ombre or Piquet;
 Yet learns the cunning of her sex
 To fondle, wheedle, and perplex, 140
 And tho' she plague him to the life
 Yet is his most obedient Wife!
 Still farther to augment his joy
 She greets him with a chopping Boy,
 Runs o'er each lullaby that's winning,
 And shews him how to shift wet linen:

Yet

Yet whilst he is the Urchin petting,
He doubts it of his own begetting.

“ Alas! alas! the DOCTOR cries,
“ Could I such strange events surmise! 150
“ Oh! would that I, to ease my pain,
“ My time could measure back again;
“ Could view my golden days of yore,
“ Now chang'd for those of baser ore!
“ The College-dinner, chearful look,
“ Clean napkin, and obedient Cook;
“ The elbow-chair in Common-room,
“ Tobacco-pouch, and Pipe's perfume;
“ The genial glow, the rosy grace
“ Reflected from each other's face; 160
“ The harmless joke, the ready laugh,
“ October stout, mild Usquebaugh;
“ The thoughtless day, the peaceful night
“ That fill'd the bosom with delight,
“ And left no inmates in the breast
“ But sun-shine and perpetual rest!”



CALIBAN THE YOUNGER,

A CHARACTER

DRAWN USQUE AD VIVUM.

WITH Countenance nor fair, nor brown, nor black,
 With sacerdotal Coat on Bargeman's Back;
 Rough as the Wolf on ORCA's stormy shore,
 Moon-calf unlick'd, or yet *Hyrcanian* Boar;
 In gait much like a Crab; with legs that stalk
 Like Puppets' when in Raree-show they walk;
 With arms that cut, and saw, and cleave the air
 So Butcher-like they'd make Clare-market stare;
 Of sage LAVATER's Creed a striking proof,
 In manners horrid, as in visage rough. 10
 The Poet sure like a true Prophet spoke,
 "Music has charms to bend the knotted Oak;"
 Else sure old Fables of the Bear and Fiddle
 In *Thee* reviv'd, were a most monstrous Riddle!
 What loss art *Thou* to Exeter-exchange
 Where brother Pug, and brother Bruin range!
 There might'st thou dance in fur and golden chain,
 Cag'd in like Bajazet by Tamerlane.

Did

Did but thine hands (as they might well beseem)
 Or wield a dung-fork, or direct a team ; 20
 Had but thine ears prick'd at a Pig's sweet whine,
 A Cart-wheel grating, or a Country-sign,
 Thou hadst been Nature's Child ; *now* 'twill be said
 That by some blundering Journey-man thou'rt made,
 For sure some Planet quaint thy Birth did rule
 To find *Thee*, like Miss in her Teens at School,
 To a soft Harpsichord's subduing Note
 An Eunuch's Echo strain thro' a Stentorian Throat ;
 Sol-fa-ing discord with a mouth awry,
 Like PONTIUS PILATE's in old Tapestry. 30
 Then to complete the Farce, and make amends,
 Thoud'st scan out Metre on thy fingers' ends,
 Jade Pegasus, and bid the Muses follow,
 Whilst *Thou* giv'st open mouth to scar'd APOLLO,

To sum up all, Bard, Fiddler, and what not!—
 A Man of God, and yet a HOTTENTOT!

Nov. 1790.

CERTAIN LINES

FOUND IN

The Publication Register of St. Mary's, Lancaster,

DECEMBER, 1793.

**A WEDDING is a serious thing ;
Yet Grist unto the Church doth bring.**

The gentle God of soft desires
Like Millers hath his Wings and Flyers.
His Legs and Arms for Sails he tries,
Each gust of passion air supplies,
That turns around the whole OEconomy,
Like Vortices in CARTE's Astronomy.
For Love, like Mill-sails, answers most,
When at due intervals 'tis crost.

10

To make the wings revolve with ease
Dame Fortune must supply her grease,
From Horn of Plenty drawing spoils,
Like Razor-grinder draws his oils;
With which Selt-int'rest must anoint
Intestine Member, Limb, and Joint.

Th'

'Th' allusion holdeth good in Sails,
 Alas! in other things it fails.
 The *Miller*, when it is his pleasure,
 Can stop his Windmill at his leisure,
 Needs but apply the methods proper,
 And straight he silenceth the hopper.
 But Women's Tongues, which make (alack!)
 As all Men know a louder clack,
 Instead of stopping go the faster
 The more they're check'd by Lord and Master.

Nor yet can Wedlock make a shift
 Unfruitful Tares from Wheat to sift,
 Or winnow out the Chaff with Wind——
 But Heathens painted Cupid blind!
 He that of Wedlock takes his swill
 Becomes as fast as Thief in Mill.
 If he hath knotted once the noose,
 Struggle he may, but not get loose;
 Venus hears sighs, but laughs at groans,
 And Priests themselves are deaf as Stones.
 Therefore I say again let no Man
 Adventure rashly on a Woman.
 Would I could cry with holy PAUL,
 "Women! I do renounce You all!"

A GOOD ANSWER

To the Concluding Lines in the Register.

ST. PAUL for his Religion died,
Let CHRISTIANS then respect him;
A married State he never tried,
In that one thing neglect him.

1793.

NEW OPIATES:

*Faithfully extracted from the Advocates of the French
Revolution,*

BY AN ABLE CHYMIST.

JUICE of Poppies hath full long
Been maintain'd an Opiate strong!
Laudanum (the Doctors tell us)
Cures a Spouse from being jealous;
Us'd in Kettle of *Medea*—
But it is a vain Idea.
Hence! away with Pills and Drops!
Druggists all, shut up your shops!
Since the sleepest dose we know
Comes from Pater-noster-row.

10

Thus then, without fee or bribe
Sure as GALEN I prescribe.

11,

If, my friend, thou wantest rest,
 Recipe (probatum est)
 Politicks of *Dr. Price*,
 Season'd with *Lord Stanhope's* spice,
Priestley's tracts devout and holy,
 Strange conceits of *Kate M'Caulay*.
 Take of each a simple page,
 Strong's the potion I engage! 20
 To *Mackintosh* and *Rous* thou'lt wish
 Such French Cooks had better Fish.
 Then to cure thy spleen with chaff
 Take of *Paine* a paragraph!
Paine, the pride of Boys and Girls,
 Drunken Cits, and booby Earls,
Paine that's bandied up and down,
 Shuttlecock to all the Town,
 From the pulpit in th' Old Jewry,
 To the gin-shops of Old Drury. 30
 Still if thou canst bear a Book
 Take a draught of frothy *Tooke*.
 Parson once of Brentford he,
 Now a 'Squire of high degree.
 He, a Man of God no more,
 Kicks the Bible out of Door.
 Fill'd with many a Quixotte-scheme
 Soon will he inspire a Dream.
 So, good Patient, get to bed,
 For thou hast a drowsy head! 40

Dec. 1791.

(196)

ON THE
DELAY IN THE ERECTION
OF
DR. JOHNSON'S MONUMENT.

DOOM'D whilst on Earth each varied Ill to try,
The lot of Genius yok'd to Poverty,
Posterity at length more generous proves
And seems to idolize the Man she loves ;
No longer she with-holds the ling'ring bays
But with full hands her ready tribute pays :
As if Mankind, of living worth afraid,
Prov'd only just to Ashes and a Shade !

Yet say amidst the general acclaim,
So lavish now of Homage and of Fame,
Shall JOHNSON'S ashes still ignobly sleep
With common dust an undistinguish'd heap ?
No emblematic Muse be seen to shed
Those costly honours which embalm the dead ?
No breathing stone, no animated bust,
True to his form, and to his memory just ?
Shall *Sculpture* then her mimic pow'rs supply
To swell the pomp of venal Flattery,

And

And shall the *Poet*, *Moralist*, and *Sage*,
 Obscurely sink in an enlightened Age? 20
 Perish the thought, dishonest as 'tis rude,
 Forbid it shame, forbid it gratitude!
 Let *Arts* at least their *sister-arts* respect,
 And glow with zeal each other to protect.
 Ill-fated as they are, oh! let them be
 True to themselves, and link'd in Amity,
 'Tis to ourselves we dedicate the Pile,
 A monumental honour to our *Isle*,
 Which matchless long in the proud roll of Fame,
 To better titles now asserts her claim,
 And to the *Hero's* joins the *Poet's* name. }

Oh! would his skill some PHIDIAS might employ
 Whose work nor time, nor ravage might destroy!
 Whose happy art might teach the bold relief
 With eloquence to speak our lasting grief!
 That when Posterity with curious lore
 In laureat Marble shall the *Sage* explore
 Perchance (whilst smit with a congenial flame)
 In smother numbers might some Bard exclaim,
 " Lo! this the musing mien of that fam'd Sage
 " Who liv'd rever'd, the *Censor* of his Age!
 " In him so justly Nature mix'd with Art
 " Each seem'd on each new lustre to impart.
 " Subduing charms he gave to nervous sense,
 " And purest precepts cloath'd with eloquence;
 " Verse was to salutary Truth allied,
 " And Wit and Fancy rang'd on Virtue's side.

" No longer GREECE her wonted boast retains,
 " No longer ROMAN worth unrival'd reigns.

" In

“ In our own SHAKESPEAR's sovran muse we find
“ Arch PLAUTUS with EURIPIDES combin'd,
“ MENANDER's wit with ÆSCHYLUS's mind.
“ With HOMER MILTON shares the Epic Crown,
“ Great DRYDEN wears with grace the MANTUAN's gown;
“ In POPE's sweet numbers HORACE speaks again,
“ Fair SOPHOCLES fresh blooms in MASON's strain,
“ PRIOR to CATULLUS sweeps responsive strings,
“ With love-sick SAPPHO melting SEWARD sings;
“ To CHURCHILL PERSIUS lends his caustic ray,
“ And PINDAR's rhapsody is felt in GRAY. 60

“ With CATO and with SOCRATES of yore
“ We now alike dispute the Sage's lore ;
“ Since BRITAIN now in this one Man has shewn,
“ That Wit and Piety are hence her own.”

Dec. 1791.

Since the above was written a Statue has been erected to the Memory of this
Great Man in St. Paul's Cathedral.



PROLOGUE

ON

OPENING THE NEW THEATRE,

IN

LANCASTER.

Written in 1782, with Additions and Variations at a later period.

ERE Inspiration tun'd the Poet's tongue,
Whilst Arts were rough and Manners yet were young,
Oft on some mead, or wood-embosom'd green
The rustic Greeks exhibited their Scene;
A Vale their Theatre, a Song their Play,
A Wood their Canopy, their light the Day.
'Till Sculpture rose to decorate the Stage,
Enchant the eye and wandering thought engage;
Sweet Music breath'd her notes to measur'd song,
Serenely smooth, majestically strong ;
And Painting taught the varied scene to glow,
And aid the strains of gaiety or woe.

With sights of deep distress to melt the heart,
Humanity and feeling to impart,
To wake the soul, the generous spark to fan,
And from his lethargy to rouse the Man ;
For this the TRAGIC MUSE first trod the Stage,
Badę Anguish weep, and lawless Passion rage,

And

And fir'd the soul in each pathetic line
With tears of woe and energy divine.

20

But when Oppression rul'd with iron hand,
And spread tyrannic terror through the land ;
When now each spark of public zeal was dead
The Muses, with their fav'rite *Freedom*, fled
To happier climes, where she and Plenty smile,
Patrons of Genius, on the BRITISH Isle.

Here soon the Stage resum'd her pristine plan
To mend the heart and meliorate the Man.

Nor did THALIA, laughter-loving Muse,
Her comic pow'rs and repartees refuse :

35

But whilst her sister storms with racks and rods,
And thunders out Kings, Tyrants, Demi-gods,

Astounds the ear with brazen throats of War,
Or lifts the Hero to his laurel'd Car ;

She paints the characters of common life,
And ridicules the awkward, clumsy strife

'Twixt hen-peck'd Husband, and the breeched Wife.

Precepts, tho' cloath'd in all the glare of Art,

Tho' Eloquence should all her pow'rs impart,

Too often glance but faintly on the mind ;

And like a Vision leave no trace behind.

But living Images affect the heart,

Yet more by Nature than the wiles of Art.

Else much in vain would mimic thunders roll,

Blue lightnings flash to harrow up the soul,

And LEAR's sad phrenzy human pride controul.

Who feels not for a HAMLET's hapless fate ?

Who does not savage RICHARD execrate ?

Who

Who smiles not at the Jew or tattling Prude,
 With tongue enough but little sense endued?
 Or Glutton-Justice full of sapient saws,
 Less fam'd for wisdom than for murdering laws?
 And as the Mirror with reflective face
 Shews to the eye Deformity or Grace;
 So to the mind here ev'ry Vice appears,
 And Virtue too her own bright aspect wears.

50

Nor need *We* fear to pall upon your sense
 With dull tautology, or vain pretence;
 SHAKESPEAR shall still a magazine supply
 For *Cupid's* and *Apollo's* Archery.

60

If AVON's Swan has feather'd but the dart,
 Sure is the triumph o'er the vanquish'd heart;
 Each rosy Pleasure, and each blue-ey'd Love,
 At his behest their flutt'ring pinions move;
 Ev'n Bards unfledg'd on soaring plumes shall sing,
 So be their plumes are borrow'd from *his* wing.
 Next *Him* a laureat list of Chiefs we shew,
 LEE, JONSON, OTWAY, FLETCHER, SOUTHERNE, ROWE;
 COLMAN and CUMBERLAND shall swell our plan,
 And CONGREVE lives again in SHERIDAN.

70

Commerce, which wealth and elegance supplies,
 Here bids at length a THEATRE arise;
 A moral School, if rightly understood,
 To scourge the vicious, and confirm the good;
 To pluck the Diamond from the Tyrant's brow,
 And bid it on the front of Virtue glow;
 To soothe the tumults of domestic strife,
 And gild with sober beams the humbler vale of life!

D 1

Nor

Nor need *We* fear due Patronage to want
 In scenes where old PLANTAGENET and GAUNT,
 After full many a toil and bloody feud,
 The PICT diminish'd, or the GAUL subdued,
 Sooth'd with the picture of the well-fought field,
 Would droop the Falchion and repose the Shield
 To listen the historic Minstrel's lay,
 Whilst Love and Beauty crown'd the happy day !
 A brighter groupe of Loves *now* warms these plains,
 Be ours the lot to glow with equal strains !

80

And may kind Heav'n in sweet, propitious hour
 Her choicest blessings on our Patrons show'r ;
 With arts, with morals, splendour, and renown
 To grace and dignify this envied Town !
 May *Commerce* too each hostile menace brave,
 (BRITAIN's best bulwark) and each subject wave
 Still roll new treasures to the BRITISH Isle,
 And lasting *Peace* bid all the Empire smile !

90

The greater part of these Lines was written for a School-exercise whilst I was under the Tuition of the Rev. Mr. WATSON of this Town (the Quintilian of those Parts) whose classical taste and critical acumen in the Seminary over which for near 30 Years he so usefully presided, are amongst the least of those estimable Qualities which will long and gratefully be remembered in that Country—*His saltem accumulem honoribus.*

5 MA 58

